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ART. I.—ALEXANDRIA AND HER SCHOOLS.

*Alexandria and her Schools. Four Lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh. With a Preface.*  
By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Canon of Middleham,  
and Rector of Eversley. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.  
1854.

THE intensity of Mr. Kingsley's genius always secures to his productions a certain singleness of impression. The most heterogeneous materials, put into the crucible of his thought and brought to its white heat, flow down into forms perfectly characteristic and distinct. The unity however is simply that of his own personality, meeting us again and again;—a phenomenon, let us say, ever delightful to us, and rich in whatever it is best to love and admire; but needing for its full power more elaboration of matter and harmony of plan than he exacts from himself. These Edinburgh Lectures deal with a topic eminently special and rounded off within itself,—with a feature prominent if not unique in the moral physiognomy of the world: nor does any one more truly apprehend its significance than the author; yet for want of observing its real limits, he has presented it in the midst of confusing accessories, and broken the force of his own interpretation. By the "Alexandrine School" is usually understood the peculiar development of philosophical doctrine, which had its origin from Ammonius Saccas, its chief repre-

sentative in Plotinus, and its last teacher in Simplicius; extending therefore from the end of the second century through the first quarter of the sixth. This system is entitled to a separate chapter in the history of mankind. It is a genuine and distinctive product of its time, which you cannot even in imagination transpose. It bears the mingled colours of an old world and a new; and is the twilight dream of thought between the sunny hours of Pagan life and the night-watches of Christian meditation. It is moreover the one original growth of Ægypto-Hellenic civilization; and its expositor naturally encounters in his task whatever is indigenous to the city of the Ptolemies. To this episode in the story of the human mind Mr. Kingsley, however, has not confined himself. Alexandria is with him "a geographical expression;" her "Schools" are in the plural number, and include the taskwork of critics and grammarians, as well as the efforts of native speculation; and whatever he finds upon the spot, whether put there by external succession, or arising by proper evolution, he passes under hasty review; enclosing his proper subject between a superfluous prefix on the erudition and science of the Ptolemaic era, and an irrelevant supplement on the Mohammedan conquest and religion. The parts have not that natural connection with each other which is needful to any successful sweep over a thousand years in four evening lectures; and though a scenic variety is thus attained, it is the variety of a local handbook rather than of a tale of character and life. Perhaps the range, as well as the selection of the subject, was determined for the author by the Institution where the Lectures were delivered; for assuredly the lessons which it is his purpose to impress would have been more distinctly brought out by a less discursive survey.

Mr. Kingsley, it has long been evident, is haunted by a supposed analogy between the Neoplatonic period of the declining empire and the intellectual tendencies of the present age. And certainly if any believer in the metempsychosis chose to identify Margaret Fuller with Hypatia, Emerson with Porphyry, the Pough keepsie seer with Jamblichus, and Frederick Maurice with Clement, grounds of recognition would not be wanting. Nor does the parallelism wholly fail in the broad features of the two ages. The decline of ancient Faith without mature successor to take the

vacant throne ; the attempt of metaphysics to fit the soul with a religion ; the pretensions of intuition and ecstasy ; the sudden birth, from the very eggs of a high-flown spiritualism, of mystagogues and mesmerists, as larvæ are born of butterflies ; the growth of world-cities and world-science, with their public libraries and institutes, their botanic and zoologic gardens, their cheap baths and open parks ; the joint diffusion of taste and demoralization, of asceticism and intemperance ; the increase of a proletary class amid the growing humanity of society and the laws ; the frequency of frightful epidemics ; the combination of gigantic enterprises and immense commerce with decay at the heart of private life ;—afford undoubtedly a curious groupe of symptoms common to the Europe of that day and of this. And when Mr. Kingsley justifies, by appeal to the example of the old world, his despair of any philosophy or theology which substitutes opinions about God for faith in Him, and idolises its own dogma instead of trusting his Living Guidance, we think his estimate not less seasonable than it is just. For all time the difference *is* infinite between the partizan of beliefs, and the man whose heart is set upon reality,—between one who is lifted up in the pride of his representative notions, and another to whose humility the Divine Truth is present in Person : and whether the old orthodox forms or the new-light images be the better type of thought is a barren controversy, breeding only error and nursing only conceit, till the mood of advocacy be changed ; and they are no longer appropriated as *our* ideal scheme, but surrendered to God's realism. Our century also, no less than the third and fourth, requires to be recalled from subjective systems to objective fact ; to cease prating of the "Religious Sentiment" in the august hearing of the Very God ; and instead of straining the fine metaphysic wing to seek Him in the seventh heaven, simply to let Him be here and tell us what to do. In fetching this lesson out of the Alexandrine history, and warning us of the difference between worship of human intellect and reverence for Divine Truth, Mr. Kingsley renders good service. But when he seems to anticipate for Europe a social dissolution like that of the lower empire, his divination overstrains, we hope, the analogy between the periods which he is accustomed to compare. When the Macedonian conquests had suppressed the nationalities of the East, and Rome had com-

pleted their extinction in the West, all local colour faded from the surface of the civilized world: intellectual culture and political organization attained a cosmopolitan diffusion: the special became the provincial, and the provincial passed into the servile. There were but two languages, foreign to the vast majority of Roman subjects, in which thought and passion could gain audience; all others, though they might flow more naturally to the lips, were abandoned to the chaffering of the market, the games of children, and the altercations of slaves. The favoured languages themselves suffered by their own privilege, and bore testimony to their own degeneration. The Latin, which now gave the world its Laws, could not forget the Forum, and had in it the flavour of a pride and virtue that were gone. The Greek, now forced to do the ingenious and polite for all mankind, had its bloom and glory in an autochthonic literature, breathing a faith, and fresh from a life which the sickened age could no longer understand. All that was indigenous and characteristic was smoothed away: and over the wooded uplands and sequestered meadows of history, the paved roads of universal empire pushed their level way. The whole problem of the scholar was to extract something for men in general out of what was meant for Greeks alone; to wipe out the Hellenic, or translate it into the human; and eliminate from the formulas of Attic thought every term that did not admit of indefinite expansion. Those only who have a life of their own can really set themselves to appreciate the life of another people: the vapid lot of the Alexandrines, without country, without ancestry, enabled them, neither by analogy nor by antithesis of pride and admiration, to understand the traditions and vicissitudes of the Athenian commonwealth. To accommodate the contents of a unique literature to the spirit of a characterless civilization, was the function of the philosophers of the Nile. As all the worships of mankind had been connected with the locality and race, the absorption of States was the dying out of religions: divinities, once venerable in their native abodes, were pensioned off into the Pantheon; and the reconciled East and West met in Rome to exchange compliments and gods. To save a comprehensive religion out of the wreck of perishing mythologies is a hopeless attempt: reverence, wounded in the concrete, cannot be restored in the abstract: and piety, accustomed to warm colours and concentrated

air, turns pale and dies in the ether and its cold light. It is not surprising that the effort should fail to turn a world-wide tyranny to account for the creation of a universal faith, and to make men who had unlearned their worships one by one, believe them all again, as soon as they were regimented into system. The cosmopolitanism of modern times is altogether different. Instead of being the residuary effect from the negation of prior faiths, it arises from the positive presence, to begin with, of a universal faith. It is essentially a *religious* feeling, acknowledging the common law and common kindred of the human race, in all the highest relations. It is encouraged no doubt, as in the Roman period, by the extension of mercantile transactions and facilities of intercourse; and from the mixture of trading interest with evangelic sentiment, many delusive dreams of unity and peace, and much stupid indifference to municipal, ethnological, and political distinctions, cannot fail to arise. But with all this, —with a Catholic religion, a terrestrial commerce, and our share in the speculative philosophy whose very aim it is to grasp the All of things,—it is impossible for the wide synoptic tendency to obtain exclusive dominance over us, with no other check than individual self-love or passion. The past Providence of God has taken care of this. The mere co-existence of so many cultivated languages, each with a literature of its own, preserves securely the rich variety of the world's life, and treasures up, for the hour of reassertion, whatever noble heritage of race and history a transient overbalance of force may have neutralised. Nor is our age, as compared with its predecessors, chargeable with disregard, in its arrangements and aims, of the historical data of European society. The mimicry of "classical" antiquity, and the propagation of paper "constitutions," which satisfied the pedantic aspirations of reform in the last century, are laughed at in this: and it is the violence done to *nationalities* that revolutionary movements everywhere resent, and even diplomacy is learning to regret. With the unity of human nature given in our religion, and the right of various development enforced on us by the necessity of history, we hold in happy balance, as it seems to us, the two opposite conditions, of which the Neoplatonic age had lost the latter and vainly sought to find the former. Persons no doubt there are, and particular schools amongst us, who may run again the morbid

course of Alexandrine thought; but we believe there is health in the heart of European nations to pass through such pestilential hours as they may bring.

Whatever may be our author's forebodings as to the future of Europe, he treats with just disdain the pleas of selfishness and tyranny, and manfully enforces the duties of free States, in the crisis brought on by Russian encroachment:—

"Europe needs a holier and more spiritual, and therefore a stronger union, than can be given by armed neutralities, and the so-called cause of order. She needs such a bond as in the Elizabethan age united the free States of Europe against the Anarch of Spain, and delivered the western nations from a rising world-tyranny, which promised to be even more hideous than that elder one of Rome. If, as then, England shall proclaim herself the champion of freedom by acts, and not by words and paper, she may, as she did then, defy the rulers of the darkness of this world, for the God of Light will be with her. But, as yet, it is impossible to look without sad forebodings upon the destiny of a war, begun upon the express understanding that evil shall be left triumphant throughout Europe, wheresoever that evil does not seem, to our own selfish shortsightedness, to threaten us with immediate danger; with promises, that under the hollow name of the Cause of Order—and that promise made by a revolutionary Anarch—the wrongs of Italy, Hungary, Poland, Sweden, shall remain unredressed, and that Prussia and Austria, two tyrannies, the one far more false and hypocritical than the other, even more rotten than that of Turkey, shall, if they will but observe a hollow and uncertain neutrality (for who can trust the liar and the oppressor?), be allowed not only to keep their ill-gotten spoils, but even now to play into the hands of our foe, by guarding his Polish frontier for him, and keeping down the victims of his cruelty, under pretence of keeping down those of their own. . . . We shall not escape our duty by inventing to ourselves some other duty, and calling it 'Order.' Elizabeth did so at first. She tried to keep the peace with Spain; she shrank from injuring the cause of Order (then a nobler one than now, because it was the cause of Loyalty, and not merely of Mammon), by assisting the Scotch and the Netherlanders: but her duty was forced upon her; and she did it at last cheerfully, boldly, utterly, like a hero; she put herself at the head of the battle for the freedom of the world, and she conquered, for God was with her; and so that seemingly most fearful of all England's perils, when the real meaning of it was seen, and God's will in it obeyed manfully, became the foundation of England's naval and colonial empire, and laid the foundation of all her future glories.

So it was then, so it is now; so it will be for ever: he who seeks to save his life will lose it: he who willingly throws away his life for the cause of mankind, which is the cause of God, the father of mankind, he shall save it, and be rewarded a hundred-fold. That God may grant us, the children of the Elizabethan heroes, all wisdom to see our duty, and courage to do it, even to the death, should be our earnest prayer. . . . It is reported that our rulers have said that English Diplomacy can no longer recognise 'Nationalities,' but only existing 'Governments.' God grant that they may see in time that the assertion of national life, as a spiritual and indefeasible existence, was for centuries the central idea of English policy; the idea by faith in which she delivered first herself, and then the Protestant nations of the Continent, successively from the yokes of Rome, of Spain, of France, and that they may reassert that most English of all truths again, let the apparent cost be what it may."—*Preface*, p. xviii.

Before treating of the "physical" and "metaphysical" schools of Alexandria, Mr. Kingsley explains the origin and meaning of these two terms: "physical" denoting that which "is born" and grows (*φύεται*), or, the phenomenal; "metaphysical," that of which we learn to think *after* we think of nature; the supernatural ground of all phenomena, which never begins and ends but always *is*. By a *physical* school, then, we should understand one which treats of phenomena; by a *metaphysical*, one which treats of real or fundamental being. Mr. Kingsley however, with one of his strange and sudden twists, pronounces all Alexandria one physical school; why? not because it engaged itself in the *study* of phenomena, but because the city and its history *constitute* a phenomenon: and he no less claims it as a *metaphysical* school, on the counter-ground, that it held human beings with imperishable elements and spiritual relations. Assuredly, not Alexandria alone, but any smallest fact or object in this universe, being an evolution in time out of that which is eternal, presents *material* for both physical and metaphysic study: but this is nothing to the point; and is as if, when we want to know what the College of Physicians thinks of asthma, you were to give us the name of a wheezy doctor. The digressions into which our author starts off in this wild illogical way are always eloquent and often deep and beautiful: but a quieter command of coherent thought would awaken stronger trust; and it is hardly well

that our guide across a great tract of time should be so ready to plunge off into the forest to chase a bird, or dart aside over the prairie just to ride into the wind.

We have said that it might have been more judicious in our author to pass without notice the labours of the Ptolemaic savans, and go at once to the single original product of Alexandrine culture, the system of Plotinus and his successors. With this the researches and instructions of the Museum had nothing to do. In the lecture-rooms of that great literary and scientific institute various knowledge was taught; the stores of the past were gathered up and systematised; mathematical and astronomical science was improved; what genius had created industry criticised: but no great work relieved the barrenness of the time. All the schools of Greek doctrine—Pythagorean, Academic, Aristotelian, &c. had their separate representatives, who expounded the systems as they had been handed down; but no fresh philosophic impulse originated new speculation or fused and recast the old. Neoplatonism was not only a later, but a wholly independent product, in which the patronage of the palace and the institute can claim no share. Mr. Kingsley has not clearly distinguished historical juxta-position from causal connection, and has presented the præ-Christian erudition and the post-Christian metaphysics in a continuity of development which did not belong to them. But he so finely exhibits in its essence the sterility of the early artificial school, and traces it so justly to blind reverence for the letter rather than the spirit of ancient wisdom, that we care not to criticise his plan:—

“This, if you will consider, is the true meaning of that great command, ‘Honour thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land.’ On reverence for the authority of by-gone generations, depends the permanence of every form of thought or belief, as much as of all social, national, and family life: but on reverence of the spirit, not merely of the letter; of the methods of our ancestors, not merely of their conclusions. Ay, and we shall not be able to preserve their conclusions, not even to understand them; they will die away on our lips into skeleton notions and soulless phrases, unless we see that the greatness of the mighty dead has always consisted in this, that they were seekers, improvers, inventors, endued with that divine power and right of discovery which has been bestowed on us, even as on them; unless we become such

men as they were, and go on to cultivate and develop the precious heritage which they have bequeathed to us, instead of hiding their talent in a napkin and burying it in the earth; making their greatness an excuse for our own littleness, their industry for our laziness, their faith for our despair; and prating about the old paths, while we forget that paths were made that men might walk in them, and not stand still, and try in vain to stop the way.

"It may be said certainly, as an excuse for these Alexandrian Greeks, that they were a people in a state of old age and decay; and that they only exhibited the common and natural faults of old age. For as with individuals, so with races, nations, societies, schools of thought; youth is the time of free fancy and poetry; manhood of calm and strong induction; old age of deduction, when men settle down upon their lees, and content themselves with re-affirming and verifying the conclusions of their earlier years, and too often, alas! with denying and anathematizing all conclusions which have been arrived at since their own meridian. It is sad; but it is patent and common. It is sad to think that the day may come to each of us, when we shall have ceased to hope for discovery and for progress; when a thing will seem *à priori* false to us, simply because it is new; and we shall say querulously to the Divine Light which lightens every man who comes into the world, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further. Thou hast taught men enough; yea, rather, thou hast exhausted thine own infinitude, and hast no more to teach them.' Surely such a temper is to be fought against, prayed against, both in ourselves and in the generation in which we live. Surely there is no reason why such a temper should overtake old age. There may be reason enough, 'in the nature of things.' For that which is of nature is born only to decay and die. But in man there is more than dying nature; there is spirit, and a capability of spiritual and everlasting life, which renews its youth like the eagle's, and goes on from strength to strength, and which, if it have its autumns and its winters, has no less its ever-recurring springs and summers; if it has its Sabbaths, finds in them only rest and refreshment for coming labour. And why not in nations, societies, scientific schools? These too are not merely natural: they are spiritual, and are only living and healthy in as far as they are in harmony with spiritual, unseen, and everlasting laws of God. May not they, too, have a capability of everlasting life, as long as they obey those laws in faith, and patience, and humility? We cannot deny the analogy between the individual man and these societies of men. We cannot at least deny the analogy between them in growth, decay, and death. May we not have hope that it holds good also for that which can never die; and that if they do die, as this old Greek society did, it is by no brute natural necessity, but by their own unfaithfulness to that which they knew, to that which

they ought to have known? It is always more hopeful, always, as I think, more philosophic, to throw the blame of failure on man, on our own selves, rather than on God and the perfect law of His universe. At least, let us be sure for ourselves, that such an old age as befell this Greek society, as befalls many a man now-a-days, need not be our lot. Let us be sure that earth shows no fairer sight than the old man, whose worn-out brain and nerves make it painful, and perhaps impossible, to produce fresh thought himself: but who can yet welcome smilingly and joyfully the fresh thoughts of others; who keeps unwearied his faith in God's government of the universe, in God's continual education of the human race; who draws around him the young and the sanguine, not merely to check their rashness by his wise cautions, but to inspirit their sloth by the memories of his own past victories; who hands over, without envy or repining, the lamp of truth to younger runners than himself, and sits contented by, bidding the new generation God speed along the paths untrodden by him, but seen afar off by faith. A few such old persons have I seen, both men and women; in whom the young heart beat pure and fresh, beneath the cautious and practised brain of age, and grey hairs, which were indeed a crown of glory. A few such have I seen; and from them I seemed to learn what was the likeness of our Father who is in heaven. To such an old age may He bring you and me, and all for whom we are bound to pray."—Pp. 33—37.

The sketch of the proper Alexandrine philosophy given in these Lectures is too slight to admit of either criticism or completion. The few lines and points that are jotted down may serve perhaps as indicative memoranda to those who know the ground; but so indistinct a picture can neither be filled in with supplementary features to make it true, nor exactly condemned as intrinsically false. In fact, Mr. Kingsley's interest in the Neoplatonic system arises not from anything special to it and discriminating it from all other schemes of doctrine, but from a character which it has in common with most of the great Greek and modern German schools; viz. its proper *realism*, or assumption of something to be known behind phenomena and their laws. He resents the indignity put upon metaphysic by Locke, in reducing it from a science of real being to a classification of mental appearances; and perceives, with sensitive religious instinct, that if only phenomena can be known, God, who is no phenomenon, must be inapprehensible by the human mind. In his antipathy to this notion, he welcomes as an ally every

system at marked variance with it; and exaggerates the relationships between doctrines which have little in common beyond their commencement from an ontological ground. He puts together, as if they belonged to the same philosophical group, Philo the Jew, Numenius the Pythagorean, Plotinus the Platonist; and attributes to the first especially an influence over the speculations of the last which it is quite gratuitous to assume. To say that "the father of New Platonism was Philo the Jew" (p. 79), and that "from the time of Philo, the deepest thought of the heathen world began to flow in a theologic channel" (p. 93), is to give a totally false impression of the order of action and reaction between the Judaic and the Hellenic thought. Indeed the latter of these assertions is essentially erroneous even in relation to the external fact. No change towards a more theologic character marked the course of philosophy till the appearance of Ammonius—the *Θεοδίδακτος*, as he was called—at the end of the second century: the religious sentiment of Epictetus belonging to the doctrine of the Porch; and that of Numenius to the Pythagorean scheme. Nor is there any reason to believe that the New Platonism would have been materially different if Philo had never lived. It is possible indeed that Plotinus, whose curiosity respecting Oriental notions emboldened him to share the dangers of Gordian's Persian expedition, may have referred to Philo's writings as a source of Jewish knowledge, and felt a congenial interest in his doctrines of the Absolute as distinguished from the Rational Deity, and of the contemplative union of the soul with the Divine nature. But even where the resemblance is least doubtful, plagiarism, or even derivation of the later from the earlier, is not to be presumed. The condition of the world rendered it inevitable that the Hellenic thought should penetrate and win the Hebrew; impossible that the Hebrew should at all considerably influence the Hellenic, except indeed within the Christian Church, the appointed providential medium for their conjunction and reconciliation. The East, twice subjugated by the West, had surrendered to its culture not less than to its arms, and could negotiate on no equal terms with the languages of Alexander and Pompey. The Greek and Roman literature, apart from any higher claim, was the literature of conquerors, and gave the law to education, to taste, to manners, to art. To be at cross pur-

poses with it was to be disqualified for polished society. The schools of philosophy and rhetoric which trained the youth and interested the leisure of the wealthy and accomplished classes, kept alive the admiration of Athenian models, and were wholly engaged in expounding the wisdom and copying the intellectual discipline of the city of the Sophists. Nor was any lesson more readily communicated by Greek egotism to Roman pride, than the contempt for "barbarian" literature; and if some exception must be made on behalf of Magian, Indian, and Egyptian doctrines, which enjoyed the repute of a mysterious antiquity, and of having passed under the notice of Herodotus and Plato, no such romantic attraction rescued from contempt the intellectual pretensions of the Hebrew people. The Platonising system of Philo only shows how completely the dominant civilization carried all before it, and found even the impenetrable substance of Jewish belief not proof against its infiltration. Had the philosophical impulse been strong enough in him, as it was in Spinoza, to induce apostacy and deliver him over from the synagogue to the academy, he might have affected the future development of doctrine. But he has no dialectic genius; no disposition to compromise his nationality; only the bad taste to dress up Moses in the philosophic cloak, and hang the white sheet on a many-coloured history that it may play the part of ghostly allegory. His appropriation of Greek ideas to the honour of Hebrew theology is precisely the use of them which would most certainly repel the fastidiousness of Gentile scholars, and limit his influence to his compatriots. We believe, therefore, that the New Platonism of Ammonius and Plotinus was of pure Hellenic descent; and arose naturally from the confluence of Ionic and Doric elements of thought at a time when there was nothing to maintain their distinction, and when the loss or degradation of living *moral* activities, whether in the family or the State, drove the soul upon mystical methods of self-reconciling union with the Absolutely Good. This Alexandrine school was the last effort of a culture purely Greek to satisfy out of its own resources the altered demands of the human mind, and stop the encroachment of Eastern barbarism and superstition. For this purpose all the appliances of Hellenic wisdom were brought together and exhausted in the comprehensive genius of Plotinus: but nothing was touched that lay beyond; the very

problem being to show that the Western schools were equal to the utmost strain that could be put upon a system of philosophy and religion. This jealous Greek exclusiveness is indeed the key to the whole history of Neoplatonism; and the tendency of the French eclectics on the one hand, and of Mr. Maurice and his disciples on the other, to run its genealogy into the lines of Jewish and Christian development, only confuses the apprehension of the period.

If on historical grounds we object to the slurring together of these two elements, we still more decidedly protest, in the interests of philosophical criticism, against the attempt to harmonise them, and apply them both, indifferently, to the interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures. Mr. Kingsley approves of Philo's procedure in forcing the Platonic doctrine of εἶδη on the Mosaic account of the creation; adopting, we presume, Mr. Maurice's suggestion, that the first chapter of Genesis describes the origin of archetypal *kinds*, and the second the creation of concrete *individuals*; and the Divine guide and teacher of Israel he brings under the same essential category with the dæmon of Socrates. We hold it to be quite illegitimate, thus to try a set of Athenian keys to unlock the arcana of the Israelitish temple. The Jewish Theism and the Greek Pantheism are radically distinct in their genesis and whole development; even their passages of apparent analogy are but false parallelisms: and whatever reconciliation they may have, in objective truth fully understood, can only come out at the end, and must not be presupposed at the beginning of their career. The Old Testament literature was anterior to even the incipient approximation between the two directions of thought: and interpreters who infuse into it Platonic ideas to take out its stains do but bleach away the rich colours of its native life, and destroy one of the most picturesque and instructive contrasts in the history of the human race. Mr. Kingsley, approving of Philo's theosophy, condemns his allegorising, as dissipating in vapourous piety the concrete and passionate humanities of the Hebrew tradition. But the two things are inseparable from each other. If you will have Moses philosophise about εἶδη, you cannot leave Samson making crazy riddles about a bee-hive in a dead lion. The whole method of this exegetical school is spurious and mischievous. The least intrusion of metaphysical interest in the work of

interpretation is an impertinence; and spoils that pure historical sympathy which, when directed by adequate learning, is the proper organ of intelligence with regard to the monuments of the past.

Mr. Kingsley is happier in drawing the contrast, than in giving the derivation of the Christian and Pagan schools of Alexandria. He says most justly, that, while they both aim to find a way of reunion between the Divine nature and the Human, the Christian represents God as stooping to man, while the Pagan professes to explain how the soul of man may rise to God.

"There is the vast gulf between the Christian and the Heathen schools, which when any man had overleaped, the whole problem of the universe was from that moment inverted. With Plotinus and his school man is seeking for God: with Clemens and his, God is seeking for man. With the former, God is passive, and man active: with the latter, God is active, man is passive,—passive, that is, in so far as his business is to listen when he is spoken to, to look at the light which is unveiled to him, to submit himself to the inward laws which he feels reproving and checking him at every turn, as Socrates was reproved and checked by his inward demon. Whether of these two theorems gives the higher conception, either of the Divine Being, or of man, I leave it for you to judge. To those old Alexandrian Christians, a Being who was not seeking after every single creature, and trying to raise him, could not be a Being of absolute Righteousness, Power, Love; could not be a Being worthy of respect or admiration, even of philosophic speculation. Human righteousness and love flows forth disinterestedly to all around it, however unconscious, however unworthy they may be; human power associated with goodness, seeks for objects which it may raise and benefit by that power. We must confess this, with the Christian schools, or, with the Heathen schools, we must allow another theory which brought them into awful depths; which may bring any generation which holds it into the same depths. If Clement had asked the Neoplatonists: 'You believe, Plotinus, in an absolutely Good Being. Do you believe that it desires to shed forth its goodness on all?' 'Of course,' they would have answered, 'on those who seek for it, on the philosopher.' 'But not, it seems, Plotinus, on the herd, the brutal ignorant mass, wallowing in those foul crimes above which you have risen?' And at that question there would have been not a little hesitation. These brutes in human form, these souls wallowing in earthly mire, could hardly, in the Neoplatonists' eyes, be objects of the Divine desire. 'Then this Absolute Good, you

say, Plotinus, has no relation with them, no care to raise them. In fact, it cannot raise them, because they have nothing in common with it. Is that your notion?' And the Neoplatonists would have, on the whole, allowed that argument. And if Clement had answered, that such was not his notion of Goodness, or of a Good Being, and that therefore the goodness of their Absolute Good, careless of the degradation and misery around it, must be something very different from his notions of human goodness; the Neoplatonists would have answered—indeed they did answer—'After all, why not? Why should the Absolute Goodness be like our human goodness?' This is Plotinus's own belief. It is a question with him, it was still more a question with those who came after him, whether virtues could be predicated of the Divine nature: courage, for instance, of one who had nothing to fear; self-restraint of one who had nothing to desire? And thus by setting up a different standard of morality for the divine and for the human, Plotinus gradually arrives at the conclusion that virtue is not the end, but the means; not the Divine nature itself as the Christian schools held, but only the purgative process by which man was to ascend into heaven, and which was necessary to arrive at that nature—that nature itself being—what?"—P. 100.

This will be found to be the great fundamental difference between Monism and Monotheism,—between the metaphysic evolution of the universe from one *principle*, and moral recognition in it and beyond it of One *God*. The latter doctrine retains without fear the human analogy in its conception of the Divine nature, and places there whatever is venerable and holy in character. The former, often doubting whether its Deity really *thinks*, can never persuade itself that he *feels*. The Source of all can be recipient of nothing; and he abides behind the impressions which he only gives. Hence not only the doctrine of the impassibility of God, but, in mischievous reaction from that doctrine on human morality, the notion that the extinction of feeling, the absorption of the sensitive faculties in the contemplative, constitutes the true approach to God. In nothing does the contrast of this idea with the Christian appear more striking than in its application to the theory of worship. In the Neoplatonic treatise *De Mysteriis*, belonging to the time of Jamblichus, the question is raised, how, if the gods are impassible, can they be accessible to prayer. The answer,—though we have heard it from other than Pagan lips,—is intensely heathen: "it is not that the gods descend to the

soul of the suppliant, but that he lifts his soul to them. Nor is it change of place only that must be denied to them: there is no change of feeling in relation to the worshipper: for they are unsusceptible of joy or grief, of anger or love. Do we speak sometimes of their anger? we only mean that the soul withdraws from them: of their propitiation? we mean, that the soul draws nigh. Prayer is simply a means of rendering one's self like the gods: whatever resembles them has them present in essence." Let this be compared with the passage, "If any man love me, he will keep my words: and *my Father will love him*, and we will *come unto him*, and make our abode with him;"—and the difference between the genius of Heathen theosophy and Christian faith is exhibited in its very essence. We have often thought that the doctrine of the Incarnation may have been an indispensable means of guarding the Church from this most pestilent delusion of philosophy,—that, to be Divine, a nature must not feel. So long as the voluntary adoption of a human life by the Divine Logos is the object of affectionate faith, the disciple is at least secure against the doubt whether there can be care and tenderness for him in heaven. He is not terrified by the infinitely arduous problem of finding by his own devices One who makes no offer to meet him, who is deaf to his entreaties and unmoved by his utmost passion of aspiration. Be the errors involved in his theology what they may, they are at least compatible with trust and devout affection.

With these desultory remarks on a desultory book we must content ourselves for the present; not without a hope of some time returning, under more systematic guidance, to the study of a phenomenon singularly instructive to our own age. The reactionary movement of the third century towards philosophic Heathenism presents many features of resemblance to the fanaticisms of the present time. And when Porphyry tells us of the boundless influence of Plotinus over the educated and fashionable circles in Rome; of the religious veneration in which the traditions and words of the Athenian sages were held; of the consecration of their birthdays by special liturgies and offerings; of the distinguished citizens who laid down their offices and sold their property in devotion to the resuscitated faith; of the noble ladies who retired from society and took their vows to the

philosophic inspiration,—it is impossible not to be reminded of a modern revival of elder faith, appealing to the same historic reverence, embodying the same contempt of partial sects, and making the same boast of Catholic equivalence to all separate wisdoms. We recommend Mr. Kingsley's little book to all who would know how suggestive are the phenomena of that curious time.

ART. II.—THE AUTHOR OF HEARTSEASE AND  
MODERN SCHOOLS OF FICTION.

*The Heir of Redclyffe.* 1853.

*The Little Duke ; or, Richard the Fearless.* By the Author  
of the "*Heir of Redclyffe.*" 1853.

*Heartsease ; or, The Brother's Wife.* By the Author of the  
"*Heir of Redclyffe.*" 1854. London : John W. Parker  
and Son, West Strand.

THE author, or, as we strongly suspect, the authoress, of these tales has a genius which may be called an artistic mean between that of Miss Austen and Miss Sewell, with not a little of the fine intellectual faculty for close observation of the former, and with all the deep sentiment and a touch of the morbid tendencies of the latter. Without, perhaps, the full intensity of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, this author has a great deal of her fine insight, and apparently more *range* of eye. The characters seem to be distributed over a larger surface of human existence, and there is more evident pleasure in pure white-light delineations of life, as contrasted with that painting of characters seen under the warm tints of special sentiments which so strongly marks the allied schools of religious fiction instituted by Miss Sewell and Lady Fullerton. Indeed, this is the point in which the present writer approaches so much nearer to Miss Austen. Her\* books are full of conversations to which the mere pleasure in accurate delineation of character has in great measure given

\* It is quite unprincipled in any author to embarrass the use of the personal pronouns to his or her reviewers, by refusing to indicate the true sex. To call the author of "*Heartsease*" "*he*," would be to wear a perpetual and trying mask over our thoughts ; and yet to write the feminine without explanation, would assume that we have some private source of knowledge, which would be quite untrue. We had at first some transient doubts as to whether the writer were a lady or a clergyman. But the sacerdotal element is so very feebly and so unquarrelsome presented, and is obviously so superficial an enamel superinduced upon the fundamental religion of the writer, that our doubts soon vanished. Indeed all the male characters—ably as they are delineated—are drawn in the aspects in which they present themselves to women. There is the masculine side of men's conversation with women, but no purely masculine talk.

rise. She has no doubt a bias in favour of characters, which, whether through excellences or defects, lead up to her paramount interests on morals and religion. But it is no more of a bias than that of Miss Austen towards the selection of ludicrous and humorous characters. Both of them enjoy delineating character for the mere sake of delineation, even without further end. And while our author is in disposition and conviction of the school of Miss Sewell and Lady Fullerton, she appears to have more real pleasure in her art, for its own sake, than either of them. Her power does not seem to be so merely called out by, so utterly dependent on, the religious interests to which she devotes it. Just as Miss Austen's almost painfully full-length portraits of Miss Bates and Mrs. Elton in "Emma," of Mr. Collins in "Pride and Prejudice," and of Sir Walter and Miss Elliot, and Mrs. Charles Musgrove, in "Persuasion," are drawn, no doubt, with a warm enjoyment of their humorous aspects, but still mainly from the mere pleasure in the minute painting, so this lady has almost an inordinate delight in introducing the small traits of her characters to her readers. To read her last two novels, the "Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease," especially the latter, is like living for a few years, *at least*, with a well-conducted family; and it takes up almost as much time. You have all the small life as well as the eventful; you sit down to nearly every breakfast, you are admitted every day to almost every room. When we laid down "Heartsease" to look back upon the tale, it seemed less like a review of a story than the memory of a few years of ordinary life, with all its casual observations and slow intervals, as well as its shining eras. The strict impartiality of the Daguerreotype process has seldom been carried so fully into fiction. What the little Johnnie did on Thursday and what he did on Friday, and what he said to his aunt, and what to his mother, and what to his sister, is told with the same calm fidelity and the same skill with which the not very vehement affections and passions of the principal characters in the narrative are delineated, in their most critical moments. And though of the "Heir of Redclyffe" this criticism would be less strikingly characteristic, it often occurred to us in reading that tale. This quality in her fictions is more promising for the writer's general power, than fascinating in the particular instances. It is a good sign for her genius that

she can draw so faithfully without being under the immediate excitement of the personal sentiments and moral purposes which mainly suggest her thoughts and guide her pen. Those who can paint that which they see, and just as they see it, give more hope of fertility of genius than those who can only paint certain aspects of nature in a given colouring or from a given point of view. Miss Sewell, for instance, is a beautiful writer, but all her tales, and most of her characters, are exhibited only in special lights and under special hues of sentiment. Like Cuyp, who only paints evening cattle, or Danby, who restricts himself to "evening guns," Miss Sewell's visions of life are almost all contemplated through the tinted glass of Anglican piety, and your only choice is between a more or less successful specimen of her method. The same sort of fault belongs to a quite different school of novelists—that of the authoress of "*Jane Eyre*," and to some extent that of Thackeray. Here the mannerism lies in looking at everything else indirectly through self-analysis. Only one central figure is thoroughly delineated, and all others are seen only in their relation to this. Like, and yet also sadly unlike, the old pictures of the heavenly family, in which the light comes from the infant figure of Christ, the novels of this school are really delineations of a single earthly, glowing mind, and all the other characters are but fitfully seen in the gleams of that turbid flame. Writers of this school have in them the germ of one single fiction, and it is multiplied into many only by the sort of process by which one part of a flower is changed into another corresponding part. The stalk of such a genius may be cultured into a leaf, and the leaf into a petal, but the same essence is in each, and they can be quickly identified by the scientific eye. Each is a transformation of the other. The substance is the single character of the author—which, however, art may work up into various fabrics. From this latter peculiarity our author is more entirely free than from the former. She makes an effort to look at things entirely through the Anglican formula, and, fortunately for her genius, only partially succeeds. But she is in no risk of looking at life through self. She even sketches better when not helped by personal sympathy than when she is—at least, if we are right in our conjecture as to her sex. Most of her masculine characters in the "*Heir of*

Redclyffe," (Charles, Philip, and Mr. Edmonstone, at all events, and the hero himself, to some extent,) are very effectively delineated, only a few of her feminine. In the new tale the balance is somewhat restored, as, at least, two of the best-drawn characters (Theodora and Lady Martindale) are ladies, while only one gentleman (Arthur) is painted to the life. In both tales the heroine—evidently the author's ideal feminine character,—is slightly dim and rather too fluid, though the later transformation which appears in "Heartsease" is greatly to be preferred.

The present tale is, on the whole, decidedly inferior in *interest* to the author's previous effort. There is less rapid movement in it, and even in the former the circulation was often languid. The narrative element is a little deficient. There is not enough *event* to draw out effectively our torpid humanity. The author does not, indeed, exactly belong to the Dutch school of literary painting, because her own taste obliges her to select fine elements of character. Yet there is something too much of the love of still-life in her; and many of her chapters present a finely-coloured group of moral natures, about as quiescent as the peaches and grapes which one is apt impatiently to pass by at the exhibitions. The author of "Heartsease" has certainly too much forgotten that it is the function of the novel or romance, as well as of the drama, to delineate humanity in movement—to exhibit the *career* of her characters, not to get them to sit quietly for their likeness at every new point. Their development is often finely conceived, and the unity kept up throughout, notwithstanding the special modifications introduced by the influence of time and discipline. But the reader has to complain rather that he sees the change too much as a series of sketches, than as a continuous career. It is told, like Hogarth's history of the drunkard, to the eye, by a series of progressive sketches; the tale itself has no momentum. Instead of being carried quickly through it, it is like a walk on a terrace with periodic seats. You go on for a chapter or two rather leisurely, and then you sit down and rest a good while. What you see while you rest is generally very real and excellent,—perhaps a well-drawn nursemaid walking out with a few children,—still it is far from exciting vehement interest. There is no rapid unfolding of the view, no eager anxiety as to the next glance.

And it is not that we think narrative-excitement the essence or the most important quality of works of fiction. We do not think that the characters should be subordinated to the action, but the action to the characters. Still it is true, that if fiction is to reproduce the true inward life of great characters with any power, it must be by the help of rare outward occasions. Men, more especially men of deep character, live far beneath the surface of ordinary action: only a rare emergency will bring them to the surface. And an art which professes to delineate the inward man through his words and actions, must avail itself of the rare opportunities when the whole man shines through his exterior conduct, if it would succeed at all. The object of fiction being the painting of human character through the outward life, it does an injustice if it attempts to draw men half-asleep, or in any circumstances in which the outward action is almost opaque, and, like ground-glass, only shows a glimmering of the light behind. Now this is a mistake into which our author frequently falls. Humanity may, indeed, disclose itself after long intercourse, by constant peeping through the holes and crevices of every-day manner; nay, there may even be characters that are best seen, and completely seen, by single glances of this kind. But, on the whole, the larger kind of character can only be delineated by the help of special emergencies. They need to be seen in conflict with life, as well as in more passive moods, in order to be understood. In short, great variety of moral situation is usually requisite to bring out the full dimensions of character in the compass of a fiction. The author of "*Heartsease*" does not take pains to make her story a good arena for her characters. She constantly repeats what is in effect the same delineation, without new elements. This both unnecessarily swells the book, and gives it a tameness. For example, it is a slow mode of getting at a young lady's character to have her drawn, like Mr. Pecksniff's Salisbury Cathedral, "from the W., from the W. by N., from the W.N.W.," &c. Yet, Theodora in relation to baby-nephew—Theodora in relation to baby-nephew subject to the perturbing force of her brother—in same relation subject to the perturbing force of its mother, &c., are made separate sketches of a most minute kind. But, as we have said, this error, though it betrays some neglect of

the proper function of fiction, is rather an indication of a real genius for delineation, being so successful as it is where so little help is gained from either narrative-interest, or the religious ends for which the author seems to write. Here is one of the very best of this tamer class of sketches. Arthur Martindale is a young Guardsman, who, at the opening of the tale, has suddenly married the heroine, Violet, without his own family's knowledge. His consumptive elder brother, John (who is the pensive religious man of the novel), calls to mediate.

"Shall I go and see about the room?" half whispered Violet.

"Yes, do;" and he opened the door for her, exclaiming, almost before she was fairly gone, "There! you want no more explanation."

"She is very lovely!" said John, in a tone full of cordial admiration.

"Isn't she?" continued Arthur, triumphantly. "Such an out-of-the-way style;—the dark eyes and hair, with that exquisite complexion, ivory fairness,—the form of her face the perfect oval!—what you so seldom see—and her figure, just the right height, tall and taper! I don't believe she could be awkward if she was to try. She'll beat every creature hollow, especially in a few years' time when she's a little more formed."

"She is very young?"

"Sixteen on our wedding-day. That's the beauty of it. If she had been a day older it would have been a different thing. Not that they could have spoilt her,—she is a thorough-bred by nature, and no mistake."

"How did your acquaintance begin?"

"This way," said Arthur, leaning back, and twirling a chair on one of its legs for a pivot. "Fitzhugh would have me come down for a fortnight's fishing to Wrangerton. There's but one inn there fit to put a dog to sleep in, and when we got there we found the house turned out of window for a ball, all the partitions down on the first floor, and we driven into holes to be regaled with distant fiddle-squeak. So Fitzhugh's Irish blood was up for a dance, and I thought I might as well give into it, for the floor shook so that there was no taking a cigar in peace. So you see the stars ordained it, and it is of no use making a row about one's destiny," concluded Arthur in a sleepy voice, ceasing to spin the chair.

"That was your first introduction?"

"Aye. After that, one was meeting the Mosses for ever; indeed, we had to call on the old fellow to get leave for fishing in

that water of Lord St. Erme's. He has a very pretty sort of little place out of the town close to the park, and—and somehow the weather was too bright for any sport, and the stream led by their garden.'

" 'I perceive,' said John.

" 'Well, I saw I was in for it, and had nothing for it but to go through with it. Anything for a quiet life.'

" 'A new mode of securing it,' said John, indignant at his non-chalance.

" 'There you don't display your wonted sagacity,' returned Arthur coolly. 'You little know what I have gone through on your account. If you had been sound-winded, you would have saved me no end of persecution.'

" 'You have not avoided speculation as it is,' John could not help saying.

" 'I beg to observe that you are mistaken. Old Moss is as cunning a fox as ever lived; but I saw his game, and without my own good-will he might have whistled for me. I saw what he was up to, and let him know it, but as I was always determined that when I married it should be to please myself, not my aunt, I let things take their course and saved the row at home.'

" 'I am sure she knew nothing of this.'

" 'She? Bless you, poor child! She is as innocent as a lamb, and only thinks me all the heroes in the world.'

" 'She did not know my father was ignorant of it?'

" 'Not she. She does not know it to this day.' John sat thinking; Arthur twirled the chair, then said, 'That is the fact. I suppose my aunt had a nice story for you.'

" 'It agreed in the main with yours.'

" 'I was unlucky,' said Arthur. 'I meant to have brought her home before my aunt and Theodora had any news of it. I could have got round them that way, but somehow Theodora got scent of it, and wrote me a furious letter, full of denunciation—two of them—they hunted me everywhere, so I saw it was no use going there.'

" 'She is much hurt at your letter. I can see that she is, though she tries to hide her feelings. She was looking quite pale when we came home, and I can hardly bear to see the struggle to look composed when you are mentioned.'

" 'This evidently produced some compunction, but Arthur tried to get rid of it. 'I am sure there was nothing to take to heart in it—was there, John?'

" 'I don't know. She had burnt it without letting any one see it; and it was only through my aunt that we learnt that she had received it.'

" 'Well! her temper is up, and I am sorry for it,' said Arthur.

'I forget what I said. I dare say it was no more than she deserved. I got one of these remonstrances of hers at Wrangerton, on the day before, and another followed me a couple of days after to Matlock, so I could not have that going on for ever, and wrote off to put a stop to it. But what does his lordship say?'

"'Do you wish him to forgive or not?' said his brother, nearly out of patience.

"'Of course—I knew he would; he can't leave us with nothing to live on. There's nothing to be done but to go through the forms, and I am quite ready. Come, what's the use of looking intensely disgusted? Now you have seen her, you don't expect me to profess that I am very sorry, and 'will never do so no more.'"

"'I say nothing against her, but the way of doing it.'

"'So much trouble saved. Besides, I tell you I am ready to make whatever apology my father likes for a preliminary.'

"His brother looked vexed, and dropped the conversation, waiting to see more of the bride before he should form an opinion."

We must give our readers a specimen of the more vivid class of sketches, which inclines us to ascribe to this author no small share of the talent of Miss Austen, while she aims at delineating a far higher range of character. We must premise that Theodora is sister to the said Captain Martindale, and, in disposition, a kind of feminine pendant to the "Philip" of the "Heir of Redclyffe," but with more warmth, more haughtiness, and less pride. She goes on a stormy day to visit a sick child at the lodge. The acute reader will discern, "by inspection," all that it concerns him to know about Percy Fotheringham.

"Theodora ran down the steps, and was almost whirled along the avenue by the wild wind that roared in the branches, tearing the leaves from the trees, and whirling them round and round. She hardly felt it—her whole soul was set upon the little orphan; the misery of watching the suffering she could not relieve, joined with passionate resentment at her father and sister-in-law, who she fancied made light of it. Only Mr. Fotheringham, when stopping at the lodge on his way, had shown what she thought tolerable humanity. He had shared her concern, consoled her despair, suggested asking counsel of Mrs. Martindale, and finally rode off five miles to Whitford in quest of the doctor.

"Violet's advice proved not to be despicable; the measures she recommended relieved the little one, and by the time Percy and the apothecary made their appearance, it was asleep on Theodora's lap, and Mr. Legh pronounced that it was in a fair way to do well.

She wished she could have watched it all night, but it was late, and Mr. Fotheringham stood waiting at the door. So she laid it in the cradle, gave her directions to the old woman who had charge of it, and resumed her brown cloak and hood, in which she walked about in all weathers, without umbrella, for which, as for parasols, she had a supreme aversion.

"Mr. Legh wished to prevail on her to let him drive her home, but she would not hear of it. Percy put up his umbrella, and offered to shelter her, but she held aloof.

"No, no. Where did you get that elegant cotton machine?"

"I borrowed it at the turnpike."

"And rode home with it on Arthur's mare?"

"Of course I did. I was not going to get wet through."

"But how did you get her to let you carry it? She objects to his taking out his handkerchief."

"I am not going to be beaten by a mare, and she soon found that out."

"What have you done with her?"

"I took her home, and came back again. I wonder what Arthur will say to me for taking his gallant grey on to Whitford. I must get up a pathetic appeal to the feelings of a father!"

"Well, I did not recollect you had the grey, or I would have told you to take my horse. However, there's no harm done, and it saved time."

"Whoo—h!" as the gust came roaring down furiously upon them, pelting fiercely with rain, flapping and tearing at Theodora's cloak, like the wind in the fable, trying to whirl her off her feet, and making vehement efforts to wrench the umbrella out of Percy's hand. A buffet with wind and weather was a frolic which she particularly enjoyed, running on before the blast, then turning round to walk backwards and recover breath to laugh at him, toiling with the umbrella. Never had she looked brighter, her dark eyes, lately so sad and soft, now sparkling and dancing with mirth, her brown cheek glowing with fresh red from the rain and wind that had loosened her hair, and was sporting with a long black tress that streamed beyond her bonnet, and fluttered over her face—life, strength, and activity in every limb, and her countenance beaming with sportiveness and gaiety, the more charming because so uncommon. It was a rare chance to catch Theodora at play!

"Ha! you'll be beat! You will have to shut up the miserable invention unknown to our forefathers."

"Not I. I shall not give up the distinction between man and beast in the rain."

"Man! Why even ants carry parasols."

"That is in the sun. Parasols belong to an epoch of earlier civilization. *Vide*, Ninevite carvings—Persian satraps."

"So you reduce yourself to a Persian satrap?"

"No; it was reserved for modern times to discover the true application of the umbrella. Were you rational enough to come back in the carriage?"

"No, indeed. To do justice to Violet, she would have come down in it, if I had not forgotten to tell her of it."

"I am glad you do her justice for once."

"She would not answer, and took advantage of another combat with the wind to cover her silence."

"Theodora," said he abruptly, "I cannot help it; I must say it!"

"Well?"

"I do not think you feel as you ought towards your brother's wife."

"John has told you this!"

"No; I have observed it. You had set your affections on Arthur; and thinking he had thrown himself away, you do not resist the common propensity to hate a sister-in-law."

"You like to provoke me," said Theodora; "but," and her voice trembled, "it is unkind to bring this up—the pain and grief of my life—when I was happy and forgetful for once."

"Far, far from unkindness. It is because I cannot bear to see you unhappy."

"I trusted no one saw that."

"I have known you too long, and thought of you too much, not to be grieved at the sight of your forced spirits and suppressed sorrow."

"It would have angered her from another; from him it touched her to find how closely and kindly he had watched her. 'I cannot help it,' she said, 'he was my all.'"

"Have you striven with it?"

"Of course I have. I have lived in a tumult of occupation, but—"

"But you have not conquered yourself, and grappled with the serpents that poison your life."

"Pray what do you call those serpents?"

"If you look them in the face, I believe you will find they are pride and jealousy."

"You like to find generic names," said Theodora, trying for a cold smile.

"Because it is safer to know and crush a venomous beast than to dally with it."

"If I find there are such serpents I will crush them and thank you."

"No other woman would so have answered," cried Percy exultingly.

"'Because,' said she, her throat swelling, 'no other man is true and downright friend enough to warn me honestly.'

"'Theodora, Theodora, you are a grand creature, nearly thrown away for want of breaking in.'

"'Too true,' said she sadly.

"'I must say it. Will you let me? Will you trust yourself and your happiness to me? It has been the vision and hope of my solitude to see you what you might be! the flaws in that noble nature corrected, its grandeur and devotedness shining forth undimmed. Together we would crush the serpents—bring out all that is excellent.'

"'I think there might be a chance for me with you,' said she in an odd sort of tone.

"'You mean it!' he exclaimed, trying to see her face, but her hood flapped over it.

"'I do. You appreciate me.'

"She let him walk beside her, and hold the umbrella over her; but not a word was spoken till they were ascending the steps, when she said, 'Don't tell papa till night. I do not choose to look foolish.'

"'Good luck to thee, umbrella!' said Percy, holding it on high ere closing it. 'Thy sea-green dome has been a canopy of bliss. Honour to thy whalebones!' Then, in a very different manner, 'Oh! Theodora, could you but guess how you have mingled in every scheme or wish of mine; how often I have laughed myself to scorn for dreaming, as if there could be any chance!'

"'Ah! what an uproar my aunt will make!' exclaimed Theodora, somewhat exultingly. Some one crossed the hall, and she ran away, but stepped back from the foot of the stairs, laid her hand on his arm, and, with a face inexpressibly sweet and brilliant, said, 'We shall get on very well together. We need have no nonsense. But I did not know how happy you had made me.'

"She escaped again; she would not have said thus much if she had not known there could be no reply, for Lady Martindale was sailing down the grand staircase.

"She met him no more till dinner, when he was silent, and she talkative and flighty, so that Violet suspected there had been a quarrel."

We are painfully struck, in reading almost all the fiction-writers of the present day, by a want of any deep imaginative power. What we mean is, that, instead of *using* their experience as food for their imagination, they chain down their imagination to the exact forms of life to which their experience has accustomed them. Shakspeare and Scott,

and we may add De Foe, drew as much from experience as any writers of our own day. They learned human nature entirely from experience. But then they took up their experience into their imagination, and reproduced it under the less embarrassing conditions which their own thought suggested as giving freer play to all the great human elements which they wished to delineate. Goethe did the same in his most successful efforts. It is seldom that human events are so ordered as to call out the greater features of human character in their full power and breadth. Not only does all civilization and order imply by its very meaning, that half the realities of human character are in a state of chronic suppression—that a mountain of custom, if not of something better, is piled over the glowing passions of man to subdue their destructive force—but it is not by any means true that every existing character, under its existing inward conditions, even if it could be fully portrayed, would be a fit subject for art. There is a great deal of nonsense talked on this head along with a great deal of truth. We remember that Sandy Mackie, in Mr. Kingsley's "Alten Locke," is made to lecture the hero on writing poems about the coral reefs of the Pacific, and told with much justice that, as he is placed in a modern city, at a modern era, he must find his materials there or nowhere. And this is true, but it does not follow, as people often represent, that the imagination is to be entirely limited to the task of insight into the present, and is to exert no moulding power upon it; nor is it true that, dig where it may, it can always find fit materials for use. Many characters remain permanently in germ, with no magnitude and no vigour, and are only, if at all, useful in art as foils to minds of more force or beauty.

Again, many more minds are really dependent on their climate or circumstance for presenting artistic features at all. Supposing, for instance, that "Hamlet" was a book-keeper in a merchant's office when Shakspeare made his acquaintance; he probably struck no one but the poet, certainly not himself, as affording subject for a great drama. He cannot have been an energetic, orderly clerk; he certainly was not up to business emergencies: if he was tender, imaginative, and weak of purpose—not equal to facing his employer—only on Shakspeare's genius would his mind have so

worked as to suggest to him the great tragic elements in such a character, if strained by the demands of wronged affection, and burdened with a responsibility which he could not sustain. The really great artist must use his imagination to *strip* his experience of elements which spoil the effectiveness of its appeal to human interest, and clothe it again in a new dress that gives full outward play to its inward life. The essence both of drama and fiction is to delineate the active working of great characters upon the world of man and circumstance; and where the operation of other forces, either internal or external, restrains or impedes the full play of character, it is the business of the imagination so to remould the whole as to lose nothing essential to reality; but rather, so to decypher latent and suppressed realities by translating them into other moral situations, as to make them speak for themselves. Neither Shakspeare nor Scott ever slavishly accepted the *form* of their conceptions from their own private experience. They used their experience to fill up the wider and nobler framework of some national tradition, some narrative of universal human interest.

The defect of the experience-novelists of the present day is, indeed, less grave than that of the mere romancers, who do not delineate men at all, but only phantoms. But still it arises in a want of power. Dickens and Thackeray, for instance, often lose a human basis of universal interest for their tales, by clinging so closely to the special forms of their own individual experience. Their *men* are lost in the temporary and local specialties of their costume. Smollett certainly, and, perhaps, even Fielding, is more of an eighteenth century novelist than one who delineated *men* happening to belong to the eighteenth century. With the feminine experience-novelists this is not so; they are always purely human; but the result of their so closely "hugging the land" in their small cruises on the ocean of imagination, is that they delineate *narrow specimens* of humanity; they lose the freedom and breadth of scale belonging to the greater power that can transmute its experience into the forms, and clothe it in the events, which best suit it. No man—not even Dickens—ever clothed human nature in a truer time-and-place costume than Sir Walter Scott; but with him, in all his greater works, this was quite subordinate to the deeper play of humanity beneath; he always had a theme large enough and

noble enough for universal interest; and the fine touches of the historical painter only gave the life and reality of a special age and scene to passions and affections that were appropriate to all ages and all scenes. This is the reason why Scott, like Shakspeare, though in a less degree, is never likely to become obsolete. The genius that gives only local and temporary touches ceases to fascinate in the same degree when the place and time are changed. The genius that is so fettered by experience as to select only poor, half-spoiled or half-developed specimens of human character for delineation, soon ceases to fascinate even the age in which it lives. But the writer who can so use his experience as to discriminate, and then adequately reproduce those great and rare moral situations which, in themselves, are most favourable to the unfolding of fine or powerful characters, may be as local and as old-fashioned as he pleases; it only adds greater interest to his creations when we find the human realities so prominent in spite of the antiquated form. Such a mind cannot stifle itself with the minutiae of its own experience: a fault which, in different ways, our present novelists of the experience-school are always committing. Miss Austen, indeed, never grasped a great character, and so needed no great situations; and were it not for the delicate humour which supplies by its amusingness the place of deeper human interest, the poverty of her conceptions, the small scale of her life, would soon consign her works to the shelf. But it is with authors who conceive finer characters, and yet have not the power to find them a fitting moral area in which to unfold themselves, that we feel the worst consequences of a servile empiricism.

It seems to be thought that, because the greater characters may and perpetually do exist amidst conditions far from favourable to their being deciphered and read off by men, therefore it is the business of creative art to contend with these outward hindrances, and to exhibit it just in the form in which it is found; that, in short, fiction should scorn to facilitate the exhibition of a character by finding a happier theatre of circumstance and influence for its growth. More especially is this supposed to be the case with the novel-writer, who has more means at his command for getting behind the scenes than the dramatist; because, not needing to delineate entirely through speech and action, he may describe the character even where the outward lot gives no opportunity for it ade-

quately to describe itself. And this is quite true so far, that there is much *less* necessity to select anxiously a fitting scene of action for the development of a tale than for the development of a drama. Still, even in a tale, this behind-scenes description must be entirely subsidiary to the delineation through action and speech. Every one feels that a character is not really delineated which does not write itself on its external history. A narrator may give the hint as to what we are to look for, and so facilitate our understanding of his conception; but if we don't find it verified in the subsequent facts, we feel that he was not equal to his own conception.

Now, in ordinary life and ordinary circumstances there are so many cross-lights, so many adventitious elements of character which are rather accidental than essential, that if you keep slavishly to the field of actual experience, you will put in much which does not belong to the primary conception, and miss much which would be of great service in developing it. Men do not, like silkworms, spin their own moral cocoon just to fit their real characters. Rather like soldier-crabs they have to go about in a most sensitive and unprotected state, and make the best of any available shell (often far from a tight fit) which Providence puts in their way. It is not usually good for men's characters to find easy means for natural development; rather is it good that much should be driven inwards, and much unnatural weight imposed. But the function of literary art *is* to develop men's character; therefore is it often requisite in art to transfer them from the midst of a machinery for suppressing their natural qualities, to a quite different arena where it may be brought fully out. In the moral circumstances of actual life most of us are, like the poor soldiers, ordered to wear the most uncomfortable weight of "regulation" clothes, which make, indeed, good endurers, but certainly are not exactly calculated to bring out our natural qualities. But the function of art is to find for us the exact costume which will most simply and truly exhibit the play of our essential characteristics. Hence, though it may be less necessary for a novelist than for a dramatist anxiously to select his action so as to suit both in kind and in scale the characters he intends to portray, it is, nevertheless, a matter of great importance. He must use his imaginative instincts, not only in discerning character, but in getting rid of the non-essential elements in

his actual experience, and in choosing an arena suited to develop the essence of his conception.

Now it has often been noticed that the greatest creative minds do not invent the skeleton of their plots, but take them from national traditions. Shakspeare almost always borrowed a popular tale or tradition as the backbone of his plays. Scott almost always went to remoter times, either in history or legend, for the thread of his romances. Now the reason of this seems to us evident on the principles we have been laying down. No traditions can take hold of a people's mind, which do not embody broad human characteristics in their simplest form. They not only seize on what is essentially human, but, besides this, traditions, so to speak, make their subjects even *more* absolutely human than exact history. The fact is certain, that a people persists in *forgetting* all the accidental alloys, all the odd excrescences, all the *non-essential* parts of a great character, directly it has disappeared. Contemporary writing registers these, but the memory of a people, left to itself, will not retain them. Tradition mellows a real character down to the *type* to which it was nearest. Tradition keeps all that was really characteristic, but neglects the disturbing elements. The Wallace of tradition, the Cœur de Lion of tradition, the Coriolanus, the Cleopatra of tradition, are probably much modified from the historical realities. But the popular mind has in each case mellowed into a harmonious type of character, what was probably spoiled by discrepancies, and misseen in the cross lights of actual experience. Hence, popular traditions afford best the natural skeleton plots for the highest imaginations to work upon.\* The traditional Covenanter, for instance, whom Scott delighted to portray in Balfour of Burley—the traditional cavalier whom he sketched in Lord Evandale, the traditional Jew whom he painted in Isaac of York—the traditional Outlaw whom he struck off in Robinhood—the traditional smuggler in Dirk Hatteraick—and the traditional book-worm in Dominie Sampson—all gain in reality and harmony, by not being mere copies from experience, but rather being free developments of an imagination richly stored with experience.

\* We do not at all mean to defend the use of any *bonâ fide* history in "historical romances." That is thoroughly false. But the vaguer elements of history, and the "half-told" tales preserved by a people's memory, and lying on the border-land of history and fiction, offer just the greatest scope for presenting human realities in free imaginative forms.

Just as science finds the true *type* of a class of flowers, which actual nature seldom or never does more than *approach*, reaching it in some particulars in one specimen, in other particulars in another specimen, but never in all particulars in the same specimen, so that in a certain sense science knows what the flower *ought* to be, while nature never quite produces it—so the imaginative instinct of the artist sees that there is greater truth as well as as a freer play for his thought in popular traditions, than there is in the actual experiences of life, which are usually encumbered with many accidental elements, and overshadowed by perverse clouds of circumstance. In this sense, though not of course from a moral point of view, we may fairly say that if Cleopatra, for instance, were not what Shakspeare has represented her, it was a mistake on her part, not on his. He seized the essence of her character, and all that she was different from this, was a deviation from her natural type, an artistic error; seeing, however, that, at least in this sense, artistic error is only too frequently moral rectitude, it seems evident enough that real life must usually be moulded anew by the imagination, before it is in condition to be delineated by creative genius.

In the tale called the "Little Duke," our author has shown some appreciation of the advantages derived from taking the elastic clue of tradition as the thread of an imaginative work. It is but a simple childish history. Still the history has been finely reproduced in the writer's imagination, and the two contrasted characters, the haughty, fearless, honour-worshipping little Norman lord, slowly learning to bend no willing neck to the Christian yoke, and the weak, fearful, tender-hearted little French prince who "cannot make people better, but can only sigh and grieve," though they are characters so simple as apparently to offer little scope for art, are no mere descriptions, but vivid and very interesting pictures. The following scene describes the introduction of the little Duke of Normandy into the French court, where he has been fraudulently conveyed by the king, who has designs on his dukedom.

"The King rode first into the court with his nobles, and before Richard could follow him through the narrow arched gateway, he had dismounted, entered the castle, and was out of sight. Osmond held the duke's stirrup, and followed him up the steps which led to the castle hall. It was full of people, but no one made way, and

Richard, holding his squire's hand, looked up in his face inquiring and bewildered.

"'Sir Seneschal,' said Osmond, seeing a broad, portly old man with grey hair and a golden chain, 'this is the Duke of Normandy—I pray you conduct him to the king's presence.'

"Richard had no longer any cause to complain of neglect, for the Seneschal instantly made him a very low bow, and calling, 'Place—place for the high and mighty prince, my Lord Duke of Normandy!' ushered him up to the dais, or raised part of the floor, where the king and queen stood together talking. The queen looked round as Richard was announced, and he saw her face, which was sallow, and with a sharp, sour expression that did not please him, and he backed and looked reluctant, while Osmond, with a warning hand pressed on his shoulder, was trying to remind him that he ought to go forward, kneel on one knee, and kiss her hand.

"'There he is,' said the king.

"'One thing secure!' said the queen; 'but what makes that northern giant keep close to his heels?'

"Louis answered something in a low voice, and, in the meantime, Osmond tried in a whisper to induce his young lord to go forward and perform his obeisance.

"'I tell you I will not,' said Richard. 'She looks cross, and I do not like her.'

"'Luckily he spoke his own language; but his look and air expressed a good deal of what he said, and Gerberge looked all the more unattractive.

"'A thorough little Norwegian bear,' said the king, 'fierce and unruly as the rest. Come and perform your courtesy—do you forget where you are?' he added sternly.

"Richard bowed, partly because Osmond forced down his shoulder; but he thought of old Rollo, and Charles the Simple, and his proud heart resolved that he would never kiss the hand of that sour-looking queen. It was a determination made in pride and defiance, and he suffered for it afterwards, but no more passed now, for the queen only saw in his behaviour that of an unmannerly young Northman; and though she disliked and despised him, she did not care enough about his courtesy to insist on its being paid. She sat down, and so did the king, and they went on talking; the king probably telling her his adventures at Rouen, while Richard stood on the step of the dais swelling with sullen pride.

"Nearly a quarter of an hour had passed in this manner, when the servants came to set the tables for supper, and Richard, in spite of his indignant looks, was forced to stand aside. He wondered that all this time he had not seen the two princes, thinking how strange he should have thought it, to let his own dear father be in the house so long without coming to welcome him. At last,

just as the supper had been served up, a side door opened, and the seneschal called, 'Place for the high and mighty princes, my Lord Lothaire, and my Lord Carloman!' and in walked two boys, one about the same age as Richard, the other rather more than a year younger. They were both thin, pale, sharp-featured children, and Richard drew himself up to his full height with great satisfaction at being so much taller than Lothaire.

"They came up ceremoniously to their father and kissed his hand, while he kissed their foreheads, and then said to them, 'There is a new playfellow for you.'

"'Is that the little Northman?' said Carloman, turning to stare at Richard with a look of curiosity, while Richard in his turn felt considerably affronted that a boy so much less than himself should call him little.

"'Yes,' said the queen, 'your father has brought him home with him.'

"Carloman stepped forward, shyly holding out his hand to the stranger, but his brother pushed him rudely aside, 'I am the eldest; it is my business to be first. So, young Northman, you are come here for us to play with.'

"Richard was too much amazed at being spoken to in this imperious way to make any answer. He was completely taken by surprise, and only opened his great blue eyes to their utmost extent.

"'Ha! why don't you answer? Don't you hear? Can you speak only your own heathen tongue?' continued Lothaire.

"'The Norman is no heathen tongue!' said Richard, at once breaking silence in a loud voice. 'We are as good Christians as you are, aye, and better too.'

"'Hush! hush! my Lord!' said Osmond.

"'What now, Sir Duke,' again interfered the king in an angry tone, 'are you brawling already? Time, indeed, I should take you from your own savage court. Sir squire, look to it, that you keep your charge in better rule, or I shall send him instantly to bed supperless.'

"'My lord, my lord,' whispered Osmond, 'see you not that you are bringing discredit on all of us?'

"'I would be courteous enough if they would be courteous to me,' returned Richard, gazing with eyes full of defiance at Lothaire, who, returning an angry look, had nevertheless shrunk back to his mother. She, meanwhile, was saying, 'So strong, so rough the young savage is, he will surely harm our poor boys!'

"'Never fear,' said Louis, 'he shall be watched. And,' he added, in a lower tone, 'for the present, at least, we must keep up appearances. Hubert of Senlis, and Hugh of Paris, have their eyes on us, and were the boy to be missed, the grim old Harcourt would have all the pirates of his land on us in the twinkling of an

eye. We have him, and there we must rest content for the present. Now to supper.'

"At supper Richard sat next little Carloman, who peeped at him every now and then from under his eyelashes, as if he was afraid of him; and presently, when there was a good deal of talking going on, so that his voice could not be heard, half whispered in a very grave tone, 'Do you like salt beef or fresh?'

"'I like fresh,' answered Richard with equal gravity, 'only we eat salt all the winter.'

"There was another silence, and then Carloman, with the same solemnity, asked, 'How old are you?'

"'I shall be nine on the eve of St. Boniface. How old are you?'

"'Eight. I was eight at Martinmas, and Lothaire was nine three days since.'

"Another silence; then, as Osmond waited on Richard, Carloman returned to the charge: 'Is that your squire?'

"'Yes, that is Osmond de Centeville.'

"'How tall he is!'

"'We Normans are taller than you French.'

"'Don't say so to Lothaire, or you will make him angry.'

"'Why! it is true.'

"'Yes, but,' and Carloman sunk his voice, 'there are some things which Lothaire will not hear said. Do not make him cross, or he will make my mother displeased with you. She caused Thierry de Lincourt to be scourged, because his ball hit Lothaire's face.'

"'She cannot scourge me, I am a free duke,' said Richard. 'But why? Did he do it on purpose?'

"'Oh, no!'

"'And was Lothaire hurt?'

"'Hush! you must say Prince Lothaire. No, it was quite a soft ball.'

"'Why,' again asked Richard, 'why was he scourged?'

"'I told you, because he hit Lothaire.'

"'Well, but did not he laugh, and say it was nothing? Alberic quite knocked me down with a great snowball the other day, and Sir Eric laughed, and said I must stand firmer.'

"'Do you make snowballs?'

"'To be sure I do. Do not you?'

"'Oh! no; the snow is so cold.'

"'Ah! you are but a little boy,' said Richard in a superior manner. Carloman asked how it was done; and Richard gave an animated description of the snowballing a fortnight ago at Rouen, when Osmond and some of the other young men built a snow fortress, and defended it against Richard, Alberic, and the other squires. Carloman listened with delight, and declared that next time it

snowed, they would have a snow castle; and thus by the time supper was over, the two little boys were very good friends."

The whole of this finely-told little history suggests a wish that the author would give her imaginative powers that wider scope which they would find in reproducing the freer outlines of national tradition or popular story. Her genius rather pines on the meagre diet of narrow personal experience to which she restricts it. Her characters are many of them too good and well conceived, for the very narrow range of experience by which she attempts to unfold them. It is not of course the *modernness* of the circumstance, but its small limits of expressiveness, so to speak, to which we object. Small external duties and much monotony may be the very best things for *disciplining* the mass of mankind, but certainly they are not the very finest medium on which to receive the full impress of the interior life. They are not usually what incident to literary genius ought to be, fine wax to take off every line and point from the conception engraved upon the thought. They are not always instruments of sufficient compass of note to bring out every tone of the wider class of character; and a narrow copying of incident from personal experience, may increase the temptation to copy existing patterns of humanity with equal minuteness—a practice which is, for the reasons we have given, almost always an artistic blunder. In the "Heir of Redclyffe" our author has succeeded better than in "Heartsease," less from any exertion of higher talent, than because she had a plot of wider imaginative capacity. There was more room for the reception and development of rich conceptions.

We cannot dismiss our author without expressing something between amusement and regret, at the sacerdotal nonsense mixed up with a very deep and generally healthy tone of religious feeling. There is here little of the morbidity of Miss Sewell's religious tales. The religion put forth in these tales is eminently a religion of life, of active duty, and self-sacrifice, and deep affectionate trust in the love and holiness of God. That any writer who can so distinctly feel the inseparable tie between conscience and religion, whose worship is all given to the *moral nature* of God, who betrays little or no sympathy with that conception of Puseyism proper, and of the Catholic church, that God imposes many duties upon us by mere will, arbitrarily revealed through his church, which we must accept as duties without their deriving any

sanction from our moral nature,—duties which are to be taken up implicitly at the word of priests or pope without our having any *personal* perception of their sanctity—that any writer who clearly rejects all such teaching in the general way, and reserves all her enthusiasm for what God teaches us personally and individually to recognize as holy, should be betrayed into believing in the sacerdotal privilege of giving absolution, and regenerating children by a drop of water, is to us scarcely intelligible. We can understand all this in those who go further—who say, “God speaks now to men mainly through ordained channels—a priesthood. He only *begins* our divine education through the conscience; and if we are faithful, we soon get *past* the conscience, and must then take directions from his specially-ordained ministers.” But this is not the view of this writer. Her views of what is sacred are almost confined to what is *felt* as moral obligation or as spiritually lovely, by every faithful mind. She does not believe apparently in the *general* efficacy of priestly characters at all. She goes out of her way to let us know that priests, as such, are by no means more efficient ministers of God than ordinary people. In one case an old collier-woman, in many others a girl of nineteen is expressly stated to have more power of religious influence than the regular clergy. Nor has she that personal enthusiasm for the sacred office which ladies generally, both in high church and low church, and in the sects of dissent, are wont to feel. In the “Heir of Redclyffe” and again in “Heartsease,” she has skilfully sketched a decidedly feeble clergyman, and nowhere drawn one of Miss Sewell’s favourite paragons of Anglican power and excellence;—so that really this official monopoly of the power of absolution and of regenerating children, are not parts in any way of her system of faith. They are ritual incantations and nothing better. There is consistency in a Romanist or a Puseyite who openly maintains that conscience is given us chiefly in order to *find* the church, that church authority supplements and outstrips the moral nature of man, demanding from us a kind of military, unasking obedience;—that is an intelligible system. The priesthood is then a permanent channel of Divine authority and grace. The power to consecrate and to absolve are only special exercises of a universal function. Priests are the real representatives of God, the depositaries of his permanent inspiration. But when any one actually believes that there

is no such exclusive function in the priesthood, that we are all equally capable of partaking in God's grace—the ascribing to them the possession of certain letters patent from God, empowering *only* to sanctify and to forgive, is in no way distinguishable from a process of mere incantation. And so it really reads. Hear the following:—

“‘Have you been awake long?’

“‘Yes; but so comfortable. I have been thinking about baby's name.’

“‘Too late, Violet; they named him John: they say I desired it.’

“‘What! was he obliged to be baptized? Is he so delicate? Oh, Arthur! tell me; I know he is tiny, but I did not think he was ill.’

“Arthur tried to soothe her with assurances of his well-doing, and the nurse corroborated them; but though she tried to believe, she was not pacified, and would not let her treasure be taken from within her arms, till Mr. Harding arrived—his morning visit having been hastened by a despatch from Arthur, who feared that she would suffer for her anxiety. She asked so many questions that he, who last night had seen her too weak to look up or speak, was quite taken by surprise. By a little exceeding the truth, he did at length satisfy her mind; but after this there was an alteration in her manner with her baby; it was not only the mere caressing, there was a sort of reverence and look of reflection as she contemplated him, such as made Arthur once ask, what she could be studying in that queer little red visage?

“‘I was thinking how very good he is!’ was her simple answer; and Arthur's smile by no means comprehended her meaning.”

We scarcely dare to hope that Arthur's general conversion did not quite reduce him to believing *that*. We must say this sort of absurd belief in sacerdotal conjuring, comes very ill from a writer so thoroughly human and generally healthy as our author. To believe that God acts upon His children mainly at second-hand, through a certain order of emissaries, is painful enough, and contrary to all the teaching of moral experience. But that any one *not* believing this, should believe that He mortgages His power to such an order of men, just for the first and last act of His spiritual Providence—for sanctifying the child, and for absolving the sinner—is really so incredibly unnatural that it lessens our respect for this lady's writings. Surely so acute a knowledge of the ways of human love, might have taught her that such caprice in the Divine Affection is as incredible as it is repulsive.

### ART. III.—THE PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN UNION.

*Publications de l'Alliance Chrétienne Universelle. Première Livraison : (1) Statuts ; (2) Règlement ; (3) Circulaire.*

*Publications, &c., Deuxième Livraison : (1) Lettre d'Adhésion reçue de Genève ; (2) Réponse à la Lettre d'Adhésion, &c. A l'Agence, Rue de la Monnaie, No. 10. Paris, 1853-54.*

AMONG the mysteries—and they are many—which bewilder and confound us, on reviewing the ways of Providence as they are recorded in the great book of history, not the least is the fact—which unhappily there is no possibility of denying—that a religion professing to emanate from the God of Love, and founded avowedly on the principle of a common brotherhood, has in its actual working and effect been a constant source of disunion, and engendered the deadliest animosities among men. When we look deeper into the subject, we find a reason for this perplexing phenomenon, which leaves our faith in the intrinsic divinity and grand providential purpose of the Gospel untouched—in the intensity of the convictions which take possession of the soul, when it sincerely believes itself the recipient of a direct communication from God. A sense of the Infinite mingles in that solemn consciousness, which overpowers, for the time, all other considerations, and pushes religious sentiment and religious motive beyond the limits of their legitimate and healthy action. Yet experience shows, in regard to large masses of men, that under no conditions less rigid and decisive, can the bondage of a gross animalism be effectually broken, and the soul, mastered by a higher influence, be subjected to the undisputed sovereignty of a Divine Law. We need a broad, comprehensive view, to read the history of Christianity aright. It must not be judged by the startling, and sometimes the repulsive, results of a particular period or a particular locality, but by the sum-total of enduring change which it has wrought through a long succession of

ages, in the moral condition, the pervading sentiments, and the final aims of the human race. In its essence, Religion is a sentiment of absolute dependence on God, in which fear and love alternately predominate; but it is a sentiment so deep and searching, that it draws all other thoughts and feelings into itself, and imbues them with its own quality. It is the introduction of intellectual elements into the religious sentiment which renders it exclusive and intolerant. The sentiment is universal, shared in different degrees of intensity by the entire race; it is the intellectual modification of it which is peculiar to the individual. But, not recognising the distinction between the form and the substance of religion, and imparting to both the same overwhelming importance which belongs only to the latter, the fervent believer, who feels that *his* religion is the all in all to him, the one vital point of his existence, on which his eternal happiness depends—not only resents any infraction on the integrity of his own doctrinal system as an assault upon the highest truth—a truth in which the honour of God himself is directly concerned—but sometimes, through a perverted benevolence, assuming that what is salvation for him, must be salvation for others also, imagines it a duty to force his individual creed on the understandings that are unable to receive it. Till this distinction between the essential spirit of religion, and the intellectual forms in which it clothes itself, is more clearly understood—a broad Catholic union, anything wider and more genial than sectarian association on some principle or other, is out of question: it will be impossible for the same man to be at once thoroughly in earnest and truly tolerant. It is easy and natural for one, who is indifferent to all religion, but who sometimes experiences the social annoyance of a forward religious zeal, to plead for universal charity and deplore the schisms which so inconveniently divide the world; and it is no less difficult for one who believes, to his heart's core, that all truth is shut up in his own favourite dogmas, to look with real kindness and sympathy on other forms of religious belief which are held by men as virtuous, as intelligent, as truth-seeking as himself. A large intellect often co-exists with a cold heart; while an honest, fervid soul is perpetually associated with a narrow, one-sided understanding. To render possible a complete union of earnestness and wide-souled charity, there must be a general

rectification throughout the Christian world of the prevalent mode of conceiving religion ; it must be placed more in the affections and aspirations of the soul, and less—except as a necessary substratum for these, varying more or less in every individual case—in the dogmatic forms of the understanding.

It is the weak side of Protestantism to have consecrated theological pedantry—to have enshrined religion in doctrinal formulas—to have opened an interminable war of words on the vague scripturalism on which it has taken its stand—and by setting up innumerable petty infallibilities, to surround each separate church with a sphere of repulsion against its neighbour. With all its daring assumptions and monstrous sophistries, and its utter impossibility of realisation, there was something surpassingly beautiful—the shade, at least, and lingering spectre of a vanished truth—in the old idea of Catholic unity—one vast fold spread over all the earth, but united under a single visible head, with one faith, one worship, one discipline, and the occasional gathering into one focus of its collective intelligence, for the dispersion of any darkening influences that might threaten its enduring peace. Despite the hindrances of a predominant dogmatism, many earnest and excellent spirits since the Reformation have cherished the hope of uniting all Protestants at least, in one church, and so rendering them more formidable to their common adversary in Rome. Acontius and the very learned Joseph Mede, preparing the way for the Latitudinarians, gave impulse and currency to the idea in the early stages of our own religious movements. It was actively canvassed in the brief but glorious interval of noble aspirations which England enjoyed under the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. Hartlib, Milton's friend, and the sanguine Duræus pursued it with invincible enthusiasm. It engaged the earnest thoughts of Leibnitz ; and as late as the commencement of the last century, the project of uniting the churches of England and of France was seriously entertained by some distinguished men in both countries. Such tendencies, however, usually display themselves with most force in what the St. Simonians have called the *organic*, in contradistinction to the *critical*, periods of social development—times when the world is recovering its tranquillity, and putting forth its product in strength. After great and terrible shocks, like the re-

volutions which have repeatedly agitated Europe for the last eighty years, men lose their taste for theories, and become timidly conservative, preferring to keep what they have got with all its imperfections, to risking its permanence and security in problematical endeavours after something better which they can only conceive. Sometimes the reaction throws them back with a new earnestness on the formulas of their ancestors. Certain it is, that the most remarkable renewals of the religious life, which have occurred during the present century in Europe, have taken this direction. The recurrence of a large party in the Church of England to the doctrines of Bancroft, Andrews, and Laud; the zealous intolerance of the old Lutherans in Germany; the Calvinistic seceders at Geneva; and the avowed aim and principle of the Free Churches of Scotland and the Pays de Vaud—are proofs of what we assert, and show that the effect of re-animated religious earnestness is not always to carry forward, but sometimes to throw decidedly back. Still the old ideas are not entirely forgotten. Minds of broad historic view and philosophic grasp, revert to them with fondness and regret. Amidst the prevalence of hard sectarian distinctions, enforced with more rigidity than ever, numbers are alienated from all religious communion; and the dissidents from existing churches are no longer found exclusively, or even principally, among the vicious and the frivolous, but rather among thoughtful and serious men, who seek in religion something that is in harmony with the higher aspirations of their nature, and who inwardly pine for religious sympathy. The time for another reaction has now arrived—destined, we may hope, as it springs from a deeper want in human nature, and is in closer unison with the central principle of the Gospel, to issue in a more permanent result.

Disgust at the spirit of exclusion which pervades so many Christian churches, and the desire to facilitate co-operation among good men for great social objects on some broad, but still essentially religious, ground—are obviously the motives to which we must ascribe the formation of the "Universal Christian Alliance." Since the overthrow of her ancient hierarchy, France for considerably more than half a century may be said to have been in search of a church. Neither a renovated Romanism nor the narrow Calvinism of her old Protestant formulas satisfies the demands of her highest

order of mind ; and yet there is a growing conviction, that there can be no true civilisation—no realisation of the highest ideal of human society—without religion, and without a church to embody and express it. It is not surprising, therefore, that men who are at once serious and enlightened—men who are wearied with the vain wranglings of our arid sectarianism, and yet desire to be united to their fellow-beings by some holier bond than mere human interests can furnish—should revert once more with a new reverence to the grand and imperishable traditions of Christianity—sole basis of our present peace and of our hopes from futurity—and strive to find in the venerable records on which they rest, some principles of sufficient breadth and sufficient simplicity to embrace the great mass of religious and thinking men, and constitute Christianity in fact, what it has hitherto been only in name, a religion for humanity. The origin of an Association, founded on such principles, in Paris—still, as of old, the reputed centre of European infidelity—is an omen full of significance, and indicates what we may reasonably anticipate as the future form of a more extended and vital Christianity. The spirit which conceived and put forth this project, is admirable and entitled to our warmest sympathy ; nor do we mean to qualify that general expression of our feelings, when we add, that there appear to us some weak points both in the statement of its fundamental principle, and in several of the practical details in which it is proposed to be carried into effect. Before proceeding to point out these, it is necessary that we should first of all put our readers more completely in possession of the organisation of this “Alliance Chrétienne Universelle.”

Fortified by St. Paul’s emphatic preference of “charity” to “faith and hope,” the first article in its “Statuts” announces these three principles as its future ground of action :—

“Amour de Dieu, Créateur et Père de tous les hommes ;

“Amour de tous les hommes, créatures immortelles et enfants de Dieu ;

“Amour de Jésus-Christ, Fils de Dieu et Sauveur des hommes.”

The remark which occurs to us in relation to this preliminary statement of objects, is that it sets forth a threefold sentiment, instead of defining a positive work. An alliance

implies something to be done, not a mere reciprocation of feeling. It is true, the programme goes on to specify certain practical objects in which this sentiment of love is to manifest itself; but it is the sentiment only which still remains the proper bond of the "Alliance." Moreover, these three sentiments, though embraced in Christianity, are not Christianity itself. Christianity, in any proper sense of that word, involves a work to be accomplished in man, as respects himself, his fellow-creatures, and God. His work is the deliverance, first of himself, and afterwards, as far as his influence extends, of his fellow-creatures, from the dominion of moral evil, and the unreserved subjection of himself and them to the will of God, that they may work with Him on the side of good in the grand warfare of good and evil which is constantly raging in the world. Christ, the perfect type of human religiousness, reveals in his life and death the mode in which that redemption is to be effected, and that conflict carried on—the issue to which it will lead, and the blessing with which it will finally be crowned. All who looking back with religious reverence on his brief history in its vital relation to the grand order of Providence, take up the spirit which it communicates, and go forth under its influence—the influence of those three sentiments which this "Alliance" recognises—to do the work which it displays, and by displaying enjoins, are disciples of Christ, members of his universal church, subjects of the kingdom of God—and ought everywhere, whatever their points of disagreement in other respects, to own and welcome each other as such. We have thought much on this subject; and we are unable to give Christianity a narrower or a wider definition than this. Mere sentiment might be charged with vagueness; but when we include in our definition a specific work which that sentiment has to impregnate, in order to complete the idea of Christianity—we have obtained a clear line of distinction to separate the Christian from the no-Christian—those whom Christ, were he now preaching his Gospel on earth, would acknowledge as his followers, from those whom he would leave unreclaimed among the unbelieving Scribes and Pharisees. In justification of the promoters of this new Christian Alliance, it ought to be observed, that they give a large interpretation to the meaning of Christian love. Speaking in reference to Christ's beautiful words, "By this shall all men

know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another,"—they add, in the following passage from their admirable reply to the Letter of Adhesion from Geneva,—

"Depuis dix-huit siècles, en effet, *tous*, non-seulement les Chrétiens entre eux, mais les indifférents et les incrédules eux-mêmes, ont reconnu les vrais disciples de Jésus-Christ à ce signe, et non à aucun autre. Il ne fallait pas moins, avouons-le, qu'une telle autorité pour donner cours à cette vérité si grande, et alors si étrange; nulle autorité moins élevée n'y eût suffi; c'était chose hardie, ne nous le dissimulons pas; il était souverainement audacieux de réduire toute la morale et toute la religion à l'amour. Oser tenir un pareil langage, c'était s'obliger à donner de la puissance et de la sainteté de cet amour une bien haute idée, un exemple suprême; c'était s'engager à prouver par les faits et en sa propre personne que l'amour suffit à tout, que l'amour de Dieu est assez puissant pour vaincre toutes choses, et que l'amour des hommes donne la force de se dévouer tout entier pour eux. Il ne fallait pas qu'on pût dire au prédicateur de l'amour: 'Ce que vous exigez est peu de chose; nous concevons mieux; notre sentiment morale et notre instinct religieux demandent plus.' Il fallait que, dans la bouche de celui qui en faisait le sommaire de la loi, le mot *aimer* eût un sens si clair, si complet, si supérieur à tout, si divin, qu'il restât en effet le résumé éternel, le centre, l'abrégé de toute vertu et de toute piété, de toute dignité et de tout dévouement humain; il fallait enfin l'enseigner comme la charité s'enseigne, c'est-à-dire en aimant, et l'élever bien au-dessus de cette sensibilité molle et tiède, de cette affection sans force, presque sans sincérité, demi-sommeil d'une âme épuisée et stérile; il fallait en faire un amour tellement énergique et réel, qu'il se montrât plus fort que le mal moral, la douleur et la mort . . . l'amour d'un être qui pousse le sacrifice jusqu'à tout souffrir pour ses propres bourreaux."

For putting in action the three principles, or rather sentiments, which form the bond of this new Alliance, an administrative council has been nominated, with a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurers, which subdivides itself for practical purposes into three committees. Of these the first (*Comité de Bienfaisance*) undertakes labours of philanthropy. It proposes to obtain assistance for the aged and infirm; attention and medical aid for the sick; and employment for able-bodied persons. The second (*Comité des Ecoles et du Patronage*) occupies itself with the education of children according to the principles of the Alliance, and promotes the formation of schools and asylums. It further puts out adults

to apprenticeship, provides for their instruction and well-being, and exercises a sort of parental superintendence over their subsequent career. The third (*Comité pour l'Exposition des Principes de l'Alliance*) disseminates the principles of the Alliance by different publications, and by conferences or public discussions. Giving our full approval to the catholic principle on which these several objects are proposed to be carried into effect, we must observe that some of them are anticipated by societies already in existence, and that others appear to us open to the charge which the social activity of the French has so often, and, as we think, so justly incurred, of doing too much—of interfering with the natural operation of the Divine laws—of attempting, in short (for we suspect this motive is latent, though unavowed), to disarm Socialism by fighting it with its own weapons on its own ground. For purposes so very general, we may even say vague, however excellent, as those contemplated by this Alliance, its whole organisation and machinery strike us as too complicated and elaborate. The Gallican love of theory is conspicuous in them. We mean nothing unfriendly or invidious in the remark, which we cannot honestly suppress, that in the “dispositions générales” there is some display of legislative pedantry. One feature is very observable, the profound respect everywhere paid to the religious sentiment. In opening every session, whether of the council or of the committees, the assembled members stand up, and the president says to them: “*Nous sommes réunis pour travailler en commun à mettre en action les principes de l'Alliance: l'amour de Dieu, l'amour des hommes, l'amour de Jésus-Christ. Que chacun se recueille un moment et demande à Dieu son secours pour notre œuvre.*” The labours of the *Comité de Bienfaisance* closely resemble those of our English District Provident Societies, of which the first idea was given by the late Dr. Chalmers in his “Christian and Civic Economy of large Towns.” Among the regulations in this department of the Alliance, there are some which, to say the least, appear to us questionable. For instance, under Article 19, we find the following parties excluded from the list of those who are entitled to the assistance of the Society: (1) fathers and mothers who refuse to send their children to school and religious instructions; (2) indigent persons who decline the religious celebration of their marriage. The intention of

both these regulations is excellent ; which is obviously that of promoting an increased attention to religious duties and religious observances. The only question is, whether their *indirect* effect may not be, to encourage hypocrisy, by making an outward respect for religion the price of temporal benefits. Any tendency of this sort is so destructive of the genuine spiritual influence of religion, that we have an almost superstitious fear of affording it the least encouragement. There is much, however, to be said on behalf of the first of these regulations. The education of a child is not a thing to be left to the individual conscience, or, to speak more properly, the individual indifference and selfishness of the parent. The education of the young is a social, not a personal question, involving the interests of thousands besides the parent. If the parent refuses to perform his duties, he forfeits the rights which are co-ordinate with them ; and, *ipso facto*, makes over both to the community whose well-being is involved in them. All that he can claim as a right, is the choice of his child's instructor, especially in religious matters ; giving the public a sufficient guarantee, that his child is not left morally and mentally a savage. Religious instruction—and especially in the sense in which it would be understood by the members of the "Alliance"—we hold to be indispensable to the completeness of all education ; and to require that a child shall be educated, includes in our view that he shall be religiously educated. It may then be argued, with a strong show of reason, that an Association of beneficence, feeling the immense importance of education, and desirous to extend it among the poor, is justified in demanding, as a condition of any relief which it will afford, that the parents seeking it shall send their children to school, and, of course, to the religious instruction for which every well-constituted school ought to provide. Where religious freedom exists, all difficulty is obviated, by allowing the parent, if he has any choice in the matter, to place his child under the religious instruction which he prefers. Questions in one branch of social organisation, are often complicated by evils which belong to another. We are painfully reminded of certain limitations to which our neighbours are subjected, in an ensuing Article (22) relative to the creation of schools—"soit mixtes, soit appartenant à l'un des cultes reconnus par l'Etat." Yet even here the difficulty is more theoretical

than practical. Parents who are so forgetful of their duty as to neglect sending their children to the school where the means are open to them, will not be very likely to care much about religious opinions; and it is better for a child to be educated under any religious influences, provided the education be given earnestly and in good faith, than not to be educated at all. With regard to demanding the *religious* celebration of marriage, the difficulty is greater. For ourselves—obeying the strongest impulse of our inward nature—we are almost High Churchmen in regard to all the great incidents of human life; we would have religion pronounce its benediction upon them from the cradle to the grave. But then it must not be a *constrained* benediction; it must be sought and welcomed with the *spontaneous* homage of the heart. Now there are worthy people in the world, not at all devoid of religious principle, but of a narrow and prosaic cast of mind, who regard marriage as exclusively a civil contract, and look upon any religious celebration attached to it as a remnant of superstition, a rag of the Babylonish garment. Where such scruples exist, to shut men out from the reach of our Christian charity, because they conscientiously entertain them, is equally cruel and absurd. It is very possible that this tenderest and holiest of human ties may be viewed in too purely secular a light by a great number of the inhabitants of Paris; and it may be very desirable on this, as on other points, to substitute religious feeling for the Socialist tendencies which have so widely corrupted the public sentiment. But the change must be effected by movement proceeding from within, not by force applied from without. Marriage has two sides—a civil and a religious side. The former belongs to the magistrate, and is defined by law; it must be formally recognised and positively enforced. Here alone we are concerned with the conduct of our fellow-citizens. In its relations with the spiritual world, no power must intervene but that of God acting through the individual conscience. The Puritan spirit of our own Cromwell displayed a deeper and healthier faith, when he dispensed with the compulsory benediction of the priest, restored under the rule of the licentious Charles, and made marriage a simple contract under the civil power, to be blessed by such higher influences as the hearts of those entering into it might freely urge them to seek.

We observe among other questionable procedures devised by the "Alliance"—that of finding labour for those who want work. All such measures must be viewed with suspicion, as bordering close on that absurd chimera of the organisation of labour. If it were simply proposed to give information to the ignorant and inexperienced, and direct them to the proper quarters for inquiring after employment—all this might be harmless enough, and occasionally of service, in the case particularly of young persons and women; though even here there is danger of treating grown-up persons like children, and frustrating the formation of habits of vigilant activity and self-reliance. The American doctrine, harsh as it may seem, of leaving people to look out for themselves, has more practical wisdom in it, and is at bottom even more humane. But no general rule is without exceptions, and we would not push this view too far. Something more, however, is evidently designed, and would probably be attempted, in the well-meant but mistaken aims to which we have referred. All such aims come into direct collision with one of the best-established conclusions of Political Economy. We cannot find what does not exist. If there really is not employment for all who are seeking it, in the quarter to which our activity is confined, we can only serve our own *protégés* by displacing some one already in possession of the contracted field; and if they are not better workmen, such as would earn the place if left to themselves, we give them what they have no right to: and thus we are charitable at the expense of being unjust.

There are several very significant indications in the rules which this Association has framed for its practical guidance, of the existence of a peculiar condition of society in France, which cannot be contemplated without apprehension, and which must be met with great judgment and an almost suspicious caution. We are struck, for instance, under the head *Patronage*, with the close surveillance which it is proposed to exercise over the young persons whom the Association has apprenticed, even after they have entered on a career of their own. To each youth so apprenticed one member of the council stands in the special relation of a patron, whose duty it is to visit him and look after his welfare at least once a month, and every three months to make a report concerning these visits, *d'après une formule arrêtée par le comité*. Again,

there is to be a general visit of inspection every year in all the workshops where apprentices are placed, by commissioners especially appointed for the purpose. We observe, too, a remarkable wariness in all the arrangements for expounding the principles of the Alliance. Everything is fixed and limited beforehand by the council, including the committee. Only members of the Alliance can take part in the public conferences. Of members those alone are permitted to speak who have been appointed by the council, and they must previously have submitted to the committee the subject on which they propose to speak. In these conferences no discussion is allowed. There may be good reasons, in the present state of France, for introducing these restrictions; but they are unsuited to countries like our own, which are differently circumstanced, and must therefore prevent the Alliance, as an organisation of social action, however admirable the catholic spirit which pervades it, from being widely ramified in its present form throughout the Christian world.

Though we have stated what appear to us strong objections to some details of its machinery, we wish again most distinctly to express our high appreciation of the broad principle of union on which this Association is based, and our belief that very beneficial consequences may result from the example which it has thus boldly and decisively set. Knowing the efforts which Roman Catholicism is making to regain its hold on the public mind, and the narrow, sectarian feeling which has got possession of so large a portion of the Protestant Church of France—we accept the “*Circulaire de l’Alliance Chrétienne Universelle*,” as a noble and most seasonable manifesto against the predominant spirit of religious dogmatism and intolerance. Those who cannot join in many of its practical operations, may yet very consistently help in extending the knowledge of its principles, and in recommending its spirit; and we observe that several have joined it for this last object, who take no part in its labours of philanthropy. Considering the direct opposition of its principles to those which usually prevail in the world, it has met with more support than might have been anticipated. The names of persons of high position in society, statesmen, bankers, men of science and letters, appear on the list of its council. M. Martin Paschoud, the well-known Protestant

pastor, is one of its vice-presidents; and among those who have promised their assistance to the committee for expounding the principles of the Alliance, we find the eloquent preacher, M. Athanase Coquerel. Not the least striking indication of the sympathy which it has excited, is furnished by the Letter of Adhesion from Geneva, signed by some eminent members of the Church and Academy of that city. They observe that the state of religious parties there at present is unfavourable to the establishment of a branch-association, but that as individuals they desire to offer the Alliance the public expression of their sympathy, and the promise of their co-operation. Then follow five-and-twenty signatures, including those of four professors, many pastors, some jurists, and General Dufour, the Commander-in-chief of the forces of the Swiss Confederation. The letter is admirably written. We give one extract as an example of the spirit which actuates at this day some of the most enlightened inhabitants of the ancient city of Calvin. Speaking of the great intermixture of different nationalities and different confessions during the forty years which have elapsed since the conclusion of the great European war, they add:—

“ On ne peut pas se le dissimuler, le premier résultat de ce mélange a été peu favorable à la paix. Le contact, en réveillant de funestes souvenirs, a réveillé aussi les haines, la méfiance. Les anciennes controverses se sont ranimées avec une violence inattendue. Aux antipathies confessionnelles se sont jointes les antipathies de races; de tristes agressions s'en sont suivies; les pacifiques, les indifférents eux-mêmes, pour ne pas paraître désertier leur drapeau menacé, se sont vu entraîner, malgré eux, dans des luttes qu'ils déploraient.

“ Cet état de tension, sans doute, ne saurait durer toujours. Le temps fera son œuvre, le rapprochement produira à la longue ses effets accoutumés. Que la liberté religieuse soit une fois solidement garantie à tous les partis, et dès lors rassurés sur le maintien de leurs droits, en même temps que, frustrés de tout espoir d'une domination tyrannique, ils quitteront peu à peu cette attitude hostile, et céderont aux sympathies naturelles qui portent leurs divers membres à s'unir. Quel est le Chrétien, à quelque église qu'il appartienne, qui n'ait connu dans d'autres églises des hommes avec qui il serait heureux d'adorer, de prier? Quel Protestant pieux ne s'est édifié avec Pascal et Fénelon? Quel Catholique éclairé ne s'édifierait avec Vinet, avec Channing? D'ailleurs, depuis trois siècles il s'est opéré et s'opère tous les jours dans le

sein des partis une décomposition graduelle qui facilitera leur fusion. Les barrières confessionnelles s'abaisseront, les anciennes classifications s'effaceront pour laisser agir les affinités de choix. Il y aura encore des divisions, sans doute, mais elles changeront de nature, elles se transporteront sur un autre terrain; elles seront moins entre des églises, des communions, dont l'opposition n'enfante que des haines stériles, qu'entre des vues, des tendances diverses, dont la lutte est indispensable au progrès.

"Tel est l'avenir vers lequel nous marchons indubitablement. Mais en attendant qu'il puisse se réaliser, que de tristes conflits, de collisions funestes, peut-être sanglantes, pourraient résulter de l'antagonisme actuel, si on ne lui opposait les efforts réunis de tous les amis de la charité."

We find in these eloquent words a deep insight into the working and constitution of our time, and an enlightened perception of the course to be pursued for meeting and rectifying the evils that may result from it; and we commend it with much earnestness to impatient dogmatists and one-sided sectaries of every grade. This letter brings out with great distinctness one condition of the new Christian Alliance, which is implied, indeed, but ought to have been more positively expressed, in its own programme and statement of principles, and which must be kept in view to place its true character and aim in a proper light. It may else be understood as a plea for indifference.

"Nous le savons, messieurs, en invitant les membres de l'Alliance à proclamer avec vous ces grands devoirs et ces grandes vérités, vous n'entendez point qu'ils se déclarent indifférents sur le reste. Vous n'appellez aucun d'eux à quitter le culte vers lequel ses sympathies le portent de préférence; vous laissez à chacun sa position et son influence dans l'église particulière à laquelle l'attachent ses convictions. Vous faites plus; vous reconnaissez qu'entre les questions qui divisent aujourd'hui les Chrétiens, il en est plusieurs d'une haute importance et sur lesquelles chacun a le droit, non seulement de se former une opinion, mais encore de la professer, de la propager, de la défendre par tous les moyens que l'Evangile avoue. Vous n'excluez ni les recherches, ni la discussion, ni le légitime et loyal prosélytisme; mais vous tracez la limite sacrée qu'ils ne doivent jamais franchir."

To the doctrine here stated, the council of the Alliance in their reply give their assent in the following terms:—

"Nous ne nions point que les différences qui existent entre nous

n'aient leur valeur, mais nous affirmons que l'importance du lien qui nous réunit est encore beaucoup au-dessus."

We have said that we think the principles announced in these publications, are those which must predominate in any future form of Christianity destined to triumph over the scepticism and indifference which now so widely prevail; and therefore we desire to give them our cordial sympathy, and, as far as possible, our active co-operation, though there is much in the practical machinery here connected with them, which we cannot approve. Christianity has far more dangerous enemies than those who openly assail it or treat it with ignorant contempt. We have strong faith in the religious needs of the human heart; and are fully persuaded that the vast majority of men will never abandon the essential truths of Christianity, if we can only induce them to be serious, and will leave the religion to speak for itself. But for the moment this religion of purity and love is imperilled, on the one hand, by the insolent pretensions of the priest, who calls himself its only authorised defender, and on the other, by the virulent narrow-mindedness of the sectary, who will tolerate no dogma but his own. Both these classes of men, in times of transition like our own, create a temporary bustle and excitement about the name and form of religion among the multitude; but they prevent numbers of the earnest, thoughtful, pure-minded—and they are daily, we fear, on the increase—from feeling and expressing any strong sympathy and interest in its behalf. Those who take broader and juster views, have a difficulty in making themselves heard. The larger and more popular religious organisations are against them, and run them down—united in this alone—as secret enemies, or spiritless, indifferent professors of the truth, who have no zeal for religion, because they do not burn with the exclusive zeal of a sect. Possibly such men may have been too timid and reserved in putting forth their own better views. They have felt that the world would not listen, and they have held their peace. But a new era is certainly approaching; and they must be ready for higher and nobler work. They must hold out the hand of recognition and encouragement to each other from distant lands. They must strengthen themselves by closer alliance and steadier co-operation. Grasping a large and noble principle as their general bond

of association, they must not distrust each other and break their union, because the same principle admits, and may require, a different reduction to practice under different circumstances. Their cause is that of truth, progress, peace, the spirit of human brotherhood, the spirit of the eternal Gospel of Jesus Christ. The priest, the sectary, the sceptic, the atheist, are all in different ways against them—some by open opposition, some by undermining influence, some by silent contempt. But events are inevitably drawing the most civilised communities of the earth into more intimate union with each other; and the best men among them desire the triumph of a vital, loving, spiritual Christianity, to cement and consecrate their union and perpetuate its blessedness. Let them be true to great principles; trust each other; and not fear the world. Their day will come; and their reward will be the consciousness, that they have helped to accelerate it.

ART. IV.—ECCLESIASTICAL ROME: HER FAITH  
AND WORKS.

1. *The Protestant Doctrine of Justification and Scheme of Salvation philosophically confuted, in sixteen Articles.* By Charles Cholmondely (an English Catholic). London. John Chapman. 1854.
2. *Theologia Germanica; which setteth forth many fair Lineaments of Divine Truth, and saith very lofty and lovely things touching a perfect Life.* Edited by Dr. Pfeiffer, from the only complete MS. yet known. Translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth. With a Preface by Rev. C. Kingsley and a Letter to the Translator by the Chevalier Bunsen. London. Longman. 1854.

It is no unmeaning fact that the Roman Church was overthrown on the doctrine of the regeneration of the will,—a doctrine on which, we believe that she held deeper and more accurate truth than on any other in the whole range of theology. And yet it was, we believe, no chance that it was so. She held the truth and acted falsely upon it. She was humble in doctrine and arrogant in practice. She ascribed the true power to grace, and yet she leaned on her own majestic works. She taught that the will of the individual can do nothing alone, or rather that it does its utmost when freely surrendering itself to be led by God. Yet the will of the Church acted on its own impulses and waited for no “prevenient” grace. There was no Pelagianism in the ecclesiastical faith, but there was rank Pelagianism in the ecclesiastical life, and it was fitting that the Church should be overturned on the very point on which she was most unfaithful to her light. It was the old temptation of the Roman character, organising itself into a vast magnificence of sin, thanks to the gigantic opportunities which the Church’s power held out. Classical Rome ran no dissimilar career. Practical decision and administrative ability gradually overtopped the natural justice, the stern gentile conscience, for which the Republic was once remarkable.

Force of will, bursting through reverence for law, set up to govern for itself, and, while subduing an empire, undermined the authority of the one great power by which alone an empire could be ordered and maintained. The vast administrative faculty of the Roman—intended to rest upon the everlasting basis of Justice—broke away from its own natural conditions, and became *arbitrary*; the executive power threw off the fettering restrictions of obedience to its own clear moral judgment; and the iron resolution which had been awful equity in executing justice, became detestable austerity in a despotism of self-will. If it be practical Pelagianism to trust to self, to lean on one's own inherent strength, when sacred guidance is near and needful, then the Roman Empire fell through moral Pelagianism—through the impulses of secular ambition disdaining to wait for any "prevenient" law; just as the Roman Church has fallen and is falling through spiritual Pelagianism—through the impulses of sacerdotal ambition disdaining to wait for any "prevenient" grace.

As soon as the new spiritual power of Christianity appeared amongst the decaying nations, and rendered pure, true life once more possible—the different populations which had adopted it naturally began to find out their true relations to the new faith, how they could best serve it, how they could best be used in its cause. Rome quickly found her place and function, which evidently was to direct the outward organisation of Christianity, to order conflicting elements, to administer, to mediate, to control. For this function both the national character and the previous history of Rome, (or perhaps, to speak more correctly, the history of the previous Rome,) had eminently fitted her. She was the centre of the civilised world, and none like the Romans knew how to weigh the strength of popular movements, to estimate their drift, to allow for different points of view, to give natural scope to what was safe, and vigorously to crush what was perilous. The Greeks could speculate more deeply and more acutely, the Hebrews had a deeper spirit of reverence, but the Romans were natural administrators. They alone could tell, as if by instinct, what had in it germs of living power, and what should, therefore, be either speedily reduced, or else provided with a natural vent; they alone could assign fairly the just relative import to be attached to the various utterances

of Christian conviction; they alone could weigh truth by *external* indications, and distinguish a suicidal fanaticism which would have dismembered the Church, from a valuable enthusiasm for which employment ought to be found. And really this peculiar function of Rome was of vast importance to the very existence of early Christianity. It united the strength of energies which might otherwise have waged war upon each other, and which could not otherwise have been mutually assisting. It gave a recognition and a methodised expression to aspirations which had otherwise perished or become extravagant. It determined in short the *most* Catholic form for the Christian Church which was then compatible with real unity and strength, and it superadded a clear, visible, practical authority, which was a needful stay to the wavering spirit of a young faith in close contact with so much corruption and so much doubt. And we have no reason to believe that the Roman See discharged these functions, during the earlier centuries of the Church's history, in any consciously self-glorifying spirit. Of course the Christian Church at Rome felt the natural advantages of her position, and followed the natural bent of her character in assuming gradually the guidance of the whole Church. But in so doing, she probably saw, and saw truly, that the best service she could render to her Divine Master was this dedication of her natural gifts to the external government of his Church. And we fully believe that it was so, that the service so rendered by Rome was practically invaluable. Even in those early controversies in which she put down some heresies which we now call truths, we believe that she was guided by a practical wisdom, and to a Providential end. Not that Rome had any special faculty for the discernment of truth—but, what was far safer in those days of one-sided culture, she had the most acute hereditary insight into the natural adaptations of faith (or indeed of anything else), to a universal empire. She judged Christianity instinctively by its capacities for commanding men, and seldom sacrificed an article of faith that could be consistently kept, if it had a powerful charm for the imaginations or the affections of any one of the different nations. Hence Rome really secured a Catholicity of faith by an *external* test, which no nation then existing could have secured by an *internal* test of truth. She soon discerned the spiritual key to each nation's

obedience, and never gave it up ; so that her complete bunch commanded entrance to a system of doctrine that was at least Catholic as a collective whole, if not by virtue of any interior spirit pervading all the parts. And this was, we fully believe, the best Catholicity that could then exist.

It has been finely explained by a recent writer, how the various nations of the ancient world were, as contrasted with modern nations, representatives of single sides of character ; how Science and Art were cherished in Greece—Commerce in Phœnicia—Legislation and external Organisation in Rome—and how Religion, isolated from the ordinary secular talents, was ripened in Palestine.\* Now we fully believe that this represents a very critical fact in relation to the ecclesiastical function of Christian Rome. The union of the various spiritual characteristics of the Christian nations which were received into the bosom of the later Roman Empire, could not have been at first anything but mechanical. The Egyptians and Syrians were so contemplative and visionary by constitution that nothing could have brought them into *more* than mechanical cohesion with the Western Nations ; and had not the genius of Rome kept a place in the common Christianity for their peculiar aspect of Religion, the Church would have lost influences which have deepened the mood of her meditation ; while these nations themselves, losing the restraining hold of the practical side of faith, would have soared off into weak theosophic dreams. Again, the Greeks were so trained to logical skill by the finest dialectic exercises, and accustomed to so subtle and consistent a philosophy, their minds were so steeped in dreams of delicate sensuous beauty, that the Greek mind could only have been morally blended with the Oriental, the African, the Gothic, and the Roman, by the habit of a long and close intercourse beneath the sway of the same external Church. Nor could the Goths have ever formed a spiritual alliance with any of these other nations, had they not found an element of fascination in the moral and humanly affectionate side of Christianity that kept them spell-bound side by side with the older members of the Church, till they had drunk in some of the finer Reason and Art of Greece, some of the orderly energy and military obedience of Rome, and

\* See an article on Milman's "History of Latin Christianity" in the "Westminster Review" for July, 1854.

some of that deeper meditateness, that aptitude for solitary spiritual impressions, which characterised the whole Eastern Church.

Hence we repeat that the Roman instinct for discerning and conserving the elements of universal *power* which Christianity contained, was a Providential gift, and was at first used, for the most part, in the service of Providence. She felt that it was her function to keep the Church together; she felt rather than discerned the commanding power of each element of faith separately, and she was indistinctly conscious that to lose any element of *influence*, was to lose a side of *truth*. Therefore though her measure of universal truth was external—inferred through its adaptation to universal empire—it was not necessarily at all the less her conscientious belief that she defended it because it was *true*. She saw that if an article of faith were abandoned, the Church would lose the adherence of some large spiritual class, and accordingly she tenaciously clung to it, from an instinct that that could not be false which, having really grown up out of Christ's doctrine, was absolutely needful to keep together his kingdom.

And thus it happens that many controversies on which we should now pass a different judgment, were yet decided, as we conceive, rightly and wisely, by the practical sagacity of Rome in those early stages of Christian culture—decided, we mean, with far deeper *moral* truth, than would have been then contained in passing the final sentence of modern learning. It is easy to illustrate what we mean, by reference to the decisions of the Church in some of the great controversies of the early Christian theology. Take for instance the Arian and Sabellian controversies of the Nicene period, and let us only ask—admitting of course that the heretical theology is *now* compatible with a more deeply spiritual faith than the Athanasian orthodoxy—whether that really was so in the Nicene times? From what moral tendency did the Arian heresy really proceed? From what moral tendency did the opposite or Sabellian heresy proceed? Would either of them have tended so much to the purity and substantial conservation of a true Christian faith, as the ecclesiastical *via media* adopted by the Roman See? We have no hesitation in saying that no one who himself holds a spiritual faith, can look deeply into the nature of *historical* Arianism,

and not see that its religious affinities were essentially unspiritual; that, on the other hand, the religious affinities of historical Sabellianism and all the forms of heresy which strove to sublimate the derived or finite nature of Christ, were essentially *unmoral*,—that the triumph of either class of heresies would have been a grave misfortune to the Christian Church. It has always been the *tendency* of Arianism to separate human nature from God. Asserting that Christ was a created Being, the Arian party began by making up for their denial of the doctrine of the eternal generation, by exalting his quasi-physical glory, and speaking of him as the Deputy-Creator of the world. He is thus, as it were, at once severed both from man and from God, — made an intermediate step in the descending rank, closely allied with neither. The absolute interpenetration of Christ's nature by the Father's, the Arians denied. The identity of his essence with that of man, the Arians denied. He was higher than an Archangel, but the glory was not that of divine *fulness*, but of *eminent rank*: and his proper spiritual mediation was hereby rendered impossible. He was a common *mean* rather than a common *mediator* between man and God; he hung midway between earth and heaven, touching neither, and therefore creating no spiritual bond. We are speaking of course of the *type* of Arianism, not of the faith of any one individual. This type has come down even to our own time. The Arians have usually been rather a modification of that class of Unitarians who wish to magnify the physically-supernatural in Christ, than of that class who regard him as impersonating to human thought the character of God—as overflowing with the spirit of the Father. That this too was the early notion formed of the tendency of Arius's teaching, the slightest knowledge of the Nicene controversy shows. Of Arius himself we know nothing except through his opponents. And though this may distort our knowledge of his personal faith, not the less clearly does it exhibit the bearings of his heresy as it was then conceived.

"The Arians," says Athanasius, "assert that God, when He willed to create the world, perceiving that it could not participate in the unmixed nature of the Father, nor admit of His own immediate creative power, first of all Himself created a single being, and called him the Son and the Word, in order that, through his mediate activity, He might

be able to create other beings and all things else. This Eusebius, and Arius, and Asterius . . . have not merely said, but have even dared to write."—Or. II. Contra Arium, c. 24, quoted by Möhler in his book on "Athanasius der grosse und die Kirche seiner Zeit." p. 176.

But without this testimony, and much else like it to the same effect, as to the unspiritual conceptions in which Arianism arose, its *history* alone is quite enough to exhibit its natural affinities. All the Gothic tribes embraced Arianism, and embraced it as religious partisans; even those of them (like the Ostro-Goths) who had, it is said, been first converted to the Latin faith, renounced it in favour of the Arian. Now the Goths were certainly the most virtuous of barbarians; not only far less corrupt than the classical races with whom they came into collision, but possessed of deeper human affections. "They had little of the character of barbarians, except the vice of cruelty: they were chaste, temperate, just, and devout," according to the admission of a Catholic writer; but it must be added, that their religious imagination was cast in an essentially finite and humanized mould. Scarcely weaned from the earthly mythology of Scandinavia, they, no doubt, found something better suited to their modes of thought in the Arian worship of a finite and created Being, physically exalted above man, than was the effort of raising their hitherto gross imaginations to the notion of a perfect union between a spiritual God and humanity. And had not the Christian chivalry of Rome, worthily headed by the heroic Ambrose—(not the less heroic because fortified by a false theory of ecclesiastic authority)—sternly stemmed the current of earth-bound conceptions which was then rushing in from the North, the Goths would have missed what was the richest spoil that they ever gained from the conquest of the Roman Empire—the good fortune of being themselves mentally conquered by a faith from which they had so much to learn.

But if Arianism was thus rooted in an *unspiritual* cast of thought, it is no less certain that the opposite class of heresies (the Sabellian, Nestorian, Monophysite, &c.), those, namely, which found their rock of offence in the human nature of Christ—arose in a corresponding *moral* deficiency, most characteristic of the East, the spread of which must have tainted at its fountain the divine stream of

Christian influence. There was always a deeply-rooted tendency in Oriental churches to throw off the (to them) degrading notion that there could be any close harmony, or even compatibility, between the Infinite Spirit and the finite nature of man. The necessary limitations of human nature were felt by them as morally degrading. They regarded it as the great purpose of a spiritual life to rise above them, to melt them off into the mystic freedom of the infinite Mind. They could with difficulty bear to admit that Christ was really ever confined within the prison of a human nature; they felt a repugnance to everything that obscured his Deity. Being what he was, they thought it degrading to imagine him what we are. To them his human career, his earthly life, was almost a blot on his divine eternity. Their desire was to be absorbed into *his* nature; they would not dwell upon the thought that he had ever really been manacled by ours. The tendency of this mood of feeling to disturb the simplicity, the veracity, the subdued tone of man's earthly duty, is clear as the day. Indeed, no one has even doubted the turbid and unwholesome nature of the fountain from which this class of heresy usually sprang. Long after the time of Sabellius and those who, with him, lost sight of the humanity of Christ, the same tendency reappeared in the Nestorian and Eutychian schisms, the former representing the party inclined to resolve the human and divine nature of Christ into two absolutely distinct *persons*, and confessing the Virgin Mary as the mother only of the human—the latter embracing those who entirely merged his human nature in his divinity—and both alike arising from the great Oriental stumbling-block—the inability to conceive any really close union between God and man without absolutely absorbing man. This was the schism which drew forth the celebrated decision of Pope Leo, delivered at the Council of Chalcedon, which teaches that the single personality of Christ exists *IN*\* two natures, divine and human; and although his decision can only be called a sort of technical compromise between the two doctrinal extremes, it was made, we cannot doubt, with a sagacity that instinctively appreciated the peril to Oriental Christianity, that would result from *either* device for getting rid of the close tie between the divine and the human in Christ,—that of Nestorius, which would have severed the

\* "IN," "that momentous particle," as Gibbon calls it.

two,—or that of Eutyches, which would have merged the last. Indeed, the subsequent history of Nestorianism, which has been essentially an *Oriental* edition of Christianity—taking hold of Armenia, Bactria, Persia, China—and never interfering so sturdily with political and human interests as the Latin Christianity—verifies the instinctive suspicion felt for it by the Roman See.

In short, the whole subtle theology of the Trinity which Rome took so leading a part in imprinting on the mind of Christendom may be regarded as the best system of precautionary checks by which any doctrine of *substantial* Incarnation could have been kept in even tolerable harmony with the historical life of Christ on the one hand, and with the spiritual nature of God on the other. Grant only that the idea of complete spiritual union between God and Christ—the admission of a really common basis of moral attributes between them, and an unceasing intercourse between their spirits—was quite unrepresentable to the mind of that age except under the hypothesis that some part at least of Christ's nature was organically distinct from our own, and *essentially* allied with God's under the physical image of some sort of incarnation,—only grant this, and the whole system of the Trinity becomes the most wonderful dogmatic shell that could have been elaborated to preserve the essence of the Christian revelation as little unimpaired as might be through centuries of ignorance and moral danger. The simplicity of the truth being at that time almost positively inapprehensible to the world at large, the Roman theology may be said to exhibit the minimum of artificial expansion with the maximum of moral safeguard, under which the truth could have been sheltered and preserved. It was absolutely impossible for the heathen and classical nations, to whom Christianity was presented, to conceive adequately the closeness of God's relation to Christ, without assuming that he was from the beginning in some essential connection with God far above that of the rest of the human race. And this once admitted, the only problem was, how to protect this doctrine so as neither to sacrifice the historical Christ and the value of his human life, nor to sever his humanity from its intimate spiritual tie with the Father. The division of the two first persons in the Godhead was necessary for the former reason. The whole attitude of Christ's historical

life, both in Scripture and tradition, is essentially *filial*, and had not he been represented, therefore, as in fact only the Son of God (even though the Eternal Son), a shadow of unreality would have been cast over the whole of his history, —a shadow which was actually cast over it, by the Sabelians and Patripassionists. And the existence of a real human nature (however really irreconcilable with his eternally divine nature) was to be vindicated for the same reason, otherwise his example had been useless, and his human emotions only a show. But this once provided for, the opposite danger was imminent, that he should be severed from the Father in human conceptions, that we should rest in reliance on him, and, as the higher relations of his spiritual nature gradually fell into oblivion, we might even contract our thoughts of him into the finite mould of his humanity. Hence it was necessary to vindicate the duality of his nature; but also to tie the two natures together by the knot of personality, lest we should remain contented with the lower image. Or we may state the matter thus. Starting from the datum that Christ must have been in some sense *eternally* allied with God,\*—then, for historical (and also moral) reasons it was necessary to attribute to him a real Sonship—for spiritual (and also historical) reasons it was necessary to maintain that he was unceasingly penetrated by the Father's Mind—and for every reason, historical and moral, and especially on account of his mediatorial functions, it was necessary to connect with his Divine Sonship a Real Humanity. How could the enigma have been solved with greater moral sagacity than by the formula of an Eternal Son existing in a divine and human nature, consubstantial with the Father in respect of his divine nature, and consubstantial with man in respect of his human nature, which was the celebrated decision of the great St. Leo? Not the less, of course, do we see in the whole a tissue of hard external metaphysics;—but all we maintain is this, that, granting the primary dogmatic assumption, which it was not then, perhaps, possible to throw off, the system is a *preservative* system, a shell of unparalleled ecclesiastical

\* A datum not only then inseparable from the idea of any deep spiritual intercourse with God, but to which St. John and St. Paul give at least no little *primâ facie* support, little as it may agree with the account of the synoptic Gospels.

sagacity for preventing a progressive corruption—a safeguard against opposite destructive influences. No doubt it was only a doctrinal incrustation, a temporary secretion of the intellectual organs—but, nevertheless, *such* an incrustation, such a secretion, as to protect the moral organisation—such a one as that which the nautilus puts forth to guard its tender frame from the dashing surf and hidden rocks of the stormy Atlantic. In an age when moral characteristics were so little fused into a balanced national character, that truth, by its spiritual essence, could not have commanded universal sympathy, it was no mean function of practical sagacity to lay together its scattered elements in at least a mechanical union, and keep them connected by the high arm of authority. And of this sort of service,—characteristically that of the Roman Church,—we have an eminent example in the Trinitarian controversies of that day.

We have another and perhaps no less striking an illustration of the practical sagacity of Rome in gradually feeling its way towards the truest development of Christian doctrine—in the conduct of the Roman See on the Pelagian controversy—the moral predecessor, though the predecessor by eleven centuries, of the Lutheran Reformation. Even thus early, there can be no doubt that, along with the purer motive of Rome—the genuine desire to preserve the body of the Christian Church from organic disruption, to use faithfully her central position in helping the Church to reject everything fatal to the essence of Christian faith—along with this, we say, there mingled much of the imperial ambition which wholly corrupted her at last. Rome was already beginning to feel the spirit of a dictator, and to consult for the Church on account of the reflected glory that was cast back upon its Ruler, as well as for the sake of the truth which it disseminated and the Master it owned. Still, though the desire for her own universal rule probably mixed with her motives, we have no right to say that this as yet threw into the shade the purer desire natural to every true Church for the conservation and spread of its spiritual influence. In the Pelagian controversy there was the same statesmanlike sagacity, the same testing of truth by the external signs of life and influence which it presented, and by its tendency to sustain or to undermine the already admitted body of Christianity, which we have remarked in the whole of her policy. It consisted in a certain soundness

of *judgment*, in an administrative talent and clearness of sight, that often seems morally *earnest*—as if wielding anxiously a great power in the service of divine truth,—but never betraying a spark of inspired *insight*, of divine warmth and inspiration.

Pelagius, a British monk with a quiet, unimpassioned mind of the clear, unruffled sort, having lived in retirement and probably drawing his theology from Oriental sources, comes to Rome in the early part of the fifth century and is greatly shocked by the profligacy of the popular life. Accordingly he writes a work on his favourite theme, the dignity of human nature and the freedom of the will. His doctrine appears to have been, that the will of man is equally balanced between good and evil, and that the act of free selection between them is always possible, without reference to the past, and without the special aid of divine grace. He maintained that it does not require God's help to prevent sin; by the natural faculty of the will the power is always secured to us. Every nature begins its course without bias to either good or evil, and retains its power of choice unimpaired. This doctrine Pelagius next preaches to the passionate Africans, whose natures, easily flooded by involuntary emotions, needed the faith that they could conquer only by the assistance of warm impulses from above. His views are condemned by a council at Carthage, and draw upon him the opposition of St. Augustine. An appeal is then made to Pope Innocent I. In the meantime Pelagius passes into Palestine, and is there called before a council of bishops, by which he is acquitted; but the real heresy appears to have been still there—Pelagius gaining his acquittal, as it is said, by attributing the *natural* faculty of free will to the grace of God, and his judges supposing that he believed the *special* help of the Holy Spirit to be needful, as well as free effort, to keep man pure from sin. In the meantime the Pope is watching the movement, and Augustine attacking the heresy. The African bishops assemble twice, and express to the Pope their strong conviction of the dangerous tendency of the doctrine. And at last Innocent I., five years after the first accusation, seeing no counterfeeling of at all equal strength in favour of Pelagius—and perhaps feeling that the essence of his doctrine is not in keeping with the dependent moral attitude in which Christianity has always taught that man stands to God,\* (and rather

\* "No man can come unto me except the Father draw him."

*beneath* than above the level of which it has certainly been the tendency of the Church to keep him,) condemns the heresy. But this is not all. Innocent dying immediately after the decision, his successor, Zosimus, is appealed to by the Pelagians, towards whose doctrine, as they present it, he inclines. It is represented to him that the opposite doctrine tends to throw the responsibility of moral evil upon God; and Augustine's warm defence of the theory of grace did, no doubt, *approach* to the Lutheran heresy of entirely submerging human freedom and responsibility, and was therefore calculated to excite apprehension.

Zosimus subjects the Pelagians to a long personal investigation, then writes to the African bishops that in two months he shall acquit the Pelagians of heresy, unless more satisfactory evidence is adduced. The Pope is evidently weighing the two doctrines and their respective consequences. There is little sign of inward certainty or inspiration here; but on the other hand much good sense, and practical discernment,—much of the proper administrative type of intellect which loves to suspend judgment and accumulate evidence. The African bishops reply, and explain the ground on which they think the answers of the Pelagians unsatisfactory. The matter again rests for a year. When the African bishops again assemble, they pass strong resolutions against the Pelagian doctrine, and in their letter to Zosimus explain their belief that Divine grace is not only needful to *see* the right act, but in each single instance to help man to perform it. After this mature deliberation, Zosimus, probably seeing a true *via media* open, between the dangers of an exaggerated doctrine of constraining grace, and that of a presumptuous doctrine of independence, and also observing the deep root which Augustine's theology had taken in the African Church, condemns Pelagianism as heresy. The whole negotiation, like a piece of spiritual diplomacy (not indeed from any insincerity, but from the pleadings and counterpleadings between large bodies which it involved), strikingly illustrates the merely practical wisdom,—the kind of authority as a last court of appeal,—on which the Roman See was accustomed to ground its decisions.

Having thus indicated the wise caution and the tact of Rome in pronouncing judgment on questions of contested theology so as to include, as far as possible, satisfying

elements for each of the various currents of thought that mingled with the stream of Christian doctrine, and yet so as to exclude all that threatened the essential ideas, life, and unity of the Church,—we will briefly trace the process by which she undermined her own power through mere worship of it, while retaining unimpaired the skilful and keen practical intellect of her earliest days. It is no mean lesson to note how, in that last great doctrinal schism by which she lost empire over the most powerful races of the civilised world, her subtle and profound exposition of the theology of human freedom, duty, and sin, failed of its effect, though enriched by the accumulated experience of centuries since Pelagius first embarrassed the Popes and excited the wrath of St. Augustine, and yet failed *only* because her practice had utterly confounded the true distinctions of her faith,—because having *lived* the heresy she renounced, her history seemed to illustrate all the charges upon her theology,—because the lucid exposition of her doctors could make no impression on men who instinctively assumed that corruptness in action must spring from a corrupting faith.

The greatest danger of Rome was at hand as soon as the constitution of the Church was consolidated and the mould of her doctrine fairly cast. While this process was going on—during the first five centuries of the Christian era—she was too busy at her appropriate tasks to have adequate leisure for her cardinal temptations. The critical period of every kingdom, as well as every character, comes when it has worked its way up to a point of steady prosperity, and is enabled to take more freely its own course. Hitherto the strict conditions of existence have employed the whole strength, but now comes the time when it is to prescribe to itself its own tasks, to discover and pursue its own bent. All the great characterising controversies of Catholicism came up for decision during the first five centuries of the Church's life. From the period of Leo the Great and the Council of Chalcedon (451 A.D.) no new controversy bearing largely on her internal theology rent the Church till the approach of the Reformation. The next great trial of her doctrinal sagacity was at the Council of Trent. During these first five centuries Rome had been ascending in influence, and perhaps in deserved authority amongst the Churches, and it was perhaps the noblest period of her history when

she commanded the services and deference of men like Augustine and Ambrose, and was ruled by such a mind as that of Leo. But now came a considerable lull in the troubles which had made her so useful to the Church at large, while the authority she had gained was itself a stimulant to her ambition. In the centuries which followed she was able to turn more entirely to questions of discipline and ceremonial,—matters in which she moved more freely, simply because they were more purely matters for the authority of an executive administration, and yet matters in which there opened a far greater field for the play of her own imperious mind. The intellect of the rest of the Church was occupied in applying the lessons so painfully learned, in cultivating the rich minds of her barbarian conquerors and training them to subdue themselves. The attention of the empire was fixed on the swarming hosts of barbarians; and the bare cold creed of Mahomet probably only made the whole Church feel more profoundly the comparative fulness of her own richer theology, inducing reaction in favour of external symbolism. All this was so much opportunity for the growth of the great Roman passion, ambition. And grow it did. She missed no occasion for riveting the fetters of her ecclesiastic rule,—for exalting that external obedience and those ceremonial channels of grace, by which her own opportunities of outward influence were multiplied. The warmth with which she opened her arms to the practice of prostration to images and the worship of relics is but one instance of her developing ecclesiasticism. Such customs were most popular with the monks, as affording them an interest, and an occupation, and a new instrument of power. And the monks constituted the spiritual army of Rome. By such “developments” of her ruling instinct Rome gradually began to forget the spiritual purpose of the Church in perfecting the machinery which gave it formal strength and unity, and finally learnt to divert that machinery to the most foreign purposes of worldly ambition.

The Catholics tell us that the Papal power is renewed every five hundred years. And so it has been; but each renovation has been a grade below its predecessor in *moral* respectability. The descent from St. Peter in the first century to St. Leo in the fifth, was certainly scarcely so considerable as that from St. Leo in the fifth to St. Gregory

VII. in the eleventh century. When the great papal revival of the eleventh century took place, we find the new hero to be one who certainly strove for the Church, but in whose mind the Church and her glory was an object preferred far above the spiritual welfare of the Church's individual children. Gregory VII. is a mere ecclesiastical hero, using indeed a subtler sort of weapon, but contending with worldly rulers and for the same ambitious purposes as they. Able as was his administration, it was one essentially *subversive* of the Church, because the living spirit, the divine purposes of which the Church was the outward organism, and without which it had no life in itself, were exchanged for others of a different kind. He found it at least *intending* to be the mighty instrument of spreading Christian life and doctrine; he endeavoured to make it and its doctrine together the flexible instrument of one silent arbitrary will. And he partially succeeded with his mighty tool; but, by his very success, weakened for ever its spiritual power over the external world, by clouding the veracity of its appeal to the heart of man. And from that time its corruption, came quickly on. The spirit which made the Church use her power for her *own* purposes no sooner began to spread than her moral influence with the nations began to decline. It was felt that she *used* Christ instead of *serving* him. It was felt that ecclesiastical subordination was valued above spiritual obedience, and consequently all the sanctity which had formerly attached to it from the higher end which it was instituted to serve, began to fall away; and where the Church had been omnipotent as a servant, she attracted jealousy and hatred as a mistress. Cowardly, licentious, and unbelieving Popes in a long series wielded a power originally organised to diffuse hope, love, and faith. *Indulgences* (which meant only that the Church etiquette was appeased concerning ceremonial deficiency) took precedence of the *absolutions* which had expressed her faith in God's forgiveness of moral guilt.

The Catholic Church extended its Catholicity to include all the myriad forms of self-idolatry. However, the protecting shadow of her enormous power was still needed, and her intellectual superiority was not yet shaken. Spiritual movements did not yet set her at defiance, but strove to find new life in the depths of moral experience. It was during this

period, in the 14th century, that Germany first began to evolve a theology of her own. The doctrine of the will, the power of grace, and the mode of spiritual renewal, were again agitated; but this time the Church took little notice; the popes were occupied in quarrelling with the emperors of Germany and with the kings of France for temporal power, and throughout the priesthood respect for the old ecclesiastical authority was undermined. The German spiritual theology of the 14th century shows, in its two central points, how distinctly it was a reaction from the abuses of the Church. It ignores all ecclesiastical channels of grace, without actually disclaiming them, and falls back on the consciousness of a personal union with Christ as the vital spring of Religion. It holds up self-will as the *essence* of sin, and makes holiness to consist entirely in a simple surrender to the movements of Christ in the heart. This is the doctrine of the school of spiritual philosophy from which the beautiful little volume "Theologia Germanica," at the head of this essay, proceeds. Chevalier Bunsen speaks of it as the profoundest devotional essay that the world has produced since the Sacred volume itself, and Luther ranked it third, placing it after the works of St. Augustine. Its author was some priest of Frankfort of the Teutonic order, who lived during the middle of the 14th century, and who belonged to that religious association which entitled its members the "Friends of God."\* But one of the most remarkable points about it, in its historical bearing, is this, that without openly doubting or attacking the authority of the Church, it is yet one of the earliest anticipations of the characteristic tendency in all modern theology, to seek a substitute for the outward voice of ecclesiastical testimony in an appeal to the universal moral experience of man. It is an attempt to find an equivalent in the study of human thought and feeling, for an external testimony which no longer carries satisfying belief. Its doctrine is wholly confined to that internal side of Religion which the Roman Church subordinated or neglected, while its method of proof is an appeal to the conscience and natural trusts of the soul. We extract one fine passage to illustrate

\* Miss Winkworth's translation is exceedingly simple and elegant. We earnestly hope that she will be encouraged by its reception to execute her plan of translating some of Tauler's sermons, to extend the picture of the early German Theology.

the reaction which was growing up rapidly in the hearts of men against Roman Ecclesiasticism, and the total distrust of Church authority. It exhibits in its germ, and clothed in the mild language of uncontroversial piety, the very same horror of formal obedience, the very same yearning for communion with a Personal Christ without the intervention of the Church's chill, systematized, strictly-disciplined affections, which two centuries later was thundered forth by many nations in terms neither so measured nor so wise. Rome was not without early warning of the approaching storm.

*"On what wise we may come to be beyond and above all Custom, Order, Law, Precepts, and the like.*—Some say further, that we can and ought to get beyond all virtue, all custom and order, all law, precepts, and seemliness, so that all these should be laid aside, thrown off and set at nought. Herein there is some truth, and some falsehood. Behold and mark: Christ was greater than his own life, and above all virtue, custom, ordinances, and the like, and so also is the evil spirit above them, but with a difference. For Christ was and is above them on this wise, that his words, and works, and ways, his doings and refrainings, his speech and silence, his sufferings, and whatsoever happened to him, were not forced upon him, neither did he need them, neither were they of any profit to himself. It was and is the same with all manner of virtue, order, laws, decency, and the like; for all that may be reached by them is already in Christ to perfection. In this sense, that saying of St. Paul is true and receiveth its fulfilment, 'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God,' 'and are not under the law but under grace.'\* That meaneth, man need not teach them what they are to do or abstain from; for their Master, that is, the Spirit of God, shall verily teach them what is needful for them to know. Likewise they do not need that men should give them precepts, or command them to do right and not to do wrong, and the like; for the same admirable Master who teacheth them what is good or not good, what is higher and lower, and, in short, leadeth them into all truth, He reigneth also within them, and biddeth them to hold fast that which is good, and to let the rest go, and to him they give ear. Behold! in this sense they need not to wait upon any law, either to teach or to command them. In another sense also they need no law; namely, in order to seek or win something thereby, or get any advantage for themselves. For whatever help toward eternal life, or furtherance in the way everlasting, they might obtain from the aid, or counsel, or words, or works of any

\* \* Rom. viii. 10 and vi. 14."

creature, they possess already beforehand. Behold! in this sense also it is true, that we may rise above all law and virtue, and also above the works, and knowledge, and powers of any creature."

Here is the deep weariness of a yoke of false law, the sickness of soul at a toiling obedience that comes from no joyful impulse and issues in no sense of deliverance, indeed something, also, of that disposition to look only *backwards* to the fulness or emptiness of heart from which voluntary effort proceeds, instead of also *forwards* to the fulness which it may produce, which two more centuries of increasing ecclesiastical degeneration forced into so exaggerated a falsehood in the utterance of Luther and Calvin.

But one thing more was needed in order to encourage this experience of a life deeper and truer than any the Church recognised, to vindicate its own independence of her teachings; and this condition was supplied when the invention of printing put it within the power of men to fall back on the sympathy of a public wider than the Church itself, wherever their thoughts were of the nature to elicit such a sympathy. Only that new confidence which men gain in the truth of their own convictions, when they find them welcomed and re-echoed by numbers, would have been sufficient to encourage even such a mind as Luther's, effectively to assail a Church spread over the surface of every civilised land. It was probably for want of such a power of appeal that the Waldenses failed, and that Wycliffe's Lollardism was starved out or trodden out in detail. Providence is even more affluent of true *men* than of true *occasions*: the man often comes before the hour of success has struck, and is used only to enrich the gratefully-stored associations of glorious failure. But with Luther had come both the hour and the man for rending the degrading fetters of sacerdotal Rome, and, for that very reason, neither the hour nor the man for appreciating her true strength and great achievements. Had St. Paul himself seen the spiritual order and piety of his Church disturbed by the iniquitous sale of Papal indulgences, which the people at least understood as a licence to sin unpunished—had he seen the forced march of external services to the Church ranking above the movements of inward love—had he seen that the purposes of religion were regarded as fulfilled when a certain painful drudgery of outward sacrifice had been extorted from the people's will—a sacrifice often really reducible to a pecuniary

estimate,—and St. Paul *did* see something like it, though nothing near so systematic, in Pharisaic Judaism, and moreover was driven by it into expressions which, at least, *sustained*, if they did not produce, Luther's creed,—we cannot doubt that even he might have been induced to assert that the inward faith was *everything*, and the consequent act of duty a mere irresistible external signal, giving notice, like the motion of the hand on the dial plate, of the movement going on within. The truth was, that the state of the Roman Church was then so towering a monument of morally worthless works that the fascinated intellect of the Reformers could not help getting into a wrong groove. Was it not clear that Rome had no living faith? Had she not utterly lost sight of the necessity of living faith? Was there any hope of better things until the eyes of men were averted from the external signs, and looked deep into the choked-up springs? Thus it was that the doctrine of justification by faith *only*, came into the world.

Yet the *Theology* of Rome was not at fault. Acquiescing in the truth that a living faith is all in all, her doctors pushed the question further back, and asked what produced a living faith. Was it produced without the concurrence of human volition, or was man's will an indispensable element in its growth? The Reformers indignantly denied it; they feared to admit anything that would give value to dry human effort; for might not all the ceremonial drudgery of Rome be conceded under so fatal an admission? One philosophical side of this controversy is stated, and in some respects most ably stated, in the work by Mr. Cholmondeley which we have placed at the head of this paper. But he loses sight entirely both of its historical origin, and of one of its deepest permanent roots, when he evades the question of the *voluntary* part taken by man in his own spiritual regeneration. He treats the thesis of Luther that faith only, not works, can save, as simply unmeaning, because faith as well as all other results of human agency is a *product* of the human soul, and *therefore*, he says, a *work*.

“A lively and justifying faith is, as I have contended above, and I think sufficiently proved, neither more nor less than a product of the soul—(for what else can it be?)—of the soul which acts through, and is represented by, the heart and the mind, the per-

ceptions and the affections. And, on the other hand, works, the works of a Christian, are, in the same way, and in an equal degree, products of the soul. If works are products of the soul, and faith likewise, it follows that faith is of the *same nature* with works. Works are products of the soul under grace, and are part and parcel of human agency; faith is a product of the soul under grace, and is part and parcel of human agency: faith, then, is itself a work in its nature, and consequently in its effect. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

"The term 'works' is but a generic and general term for the products of the soul, while 'faith' is a specific and particular term. Love, hope, forgiveness, contrition, and the fear of the Lord, are similar specific terms, which may be, and often have been, exchanged for the general term of good works."

Such an argument is good enough *as against* Luther's doctrine, because to a sect that denies human freedom there can really be no conceivable distinction between faith and works. But it evades the real gist of the controversy, inasmuch as the Reformers' detestation of "works" unconsciously, but really, *assumes* human freedom. What they meant to depreciate was the value of up-hill human will-work, that arises from no spiritual emotion, and by offering high inducements for which Rome had gained so much; what they desired to extol as absolutely everything, was the *divine* influence on the heart. They denied human freedom only because they found that it led to the dangerous consequence of man's being able to do something for his own spiritual welfare, and because they had in their thoughts the terrible process of ceremonial observance which that conviction rendered men in their superstition willing to accept. At the same time, however inconsistently, they, of course, necessarily implied a difference between voluntary and involuntary acts or states of mind, when they distinguished at all between works and faith; and no refutation can ever be satisfying that does not also assume that our minds *are* subject to a double kind of movement—that which is caused *for* us by nature, circumstance, or God—and that which we create for ourselves. To the *first* of these classes of internal movements the Reformers wholly referred justifying faith. To a mixed kind, beginning, indeed, in divine influence on man, but then immediately associated with voluntary human co-operation, it was referred by the Roman Church.

It can never be too much insisted on that Luther's theo-

logy arose out of a jealousy of the external practices said to be of spiritual use to men, which were really a burden and a deception. He thought to sweep all these away by denying their *possible* efficacy. The following was the system that he taught. Christ's promise that he had already done *all* that was needful for our salvation, is held out to the heart wherever the Gospel is preached. Whether the heart accepts it or not, is God's concern, entirely, and no spiritual preparations will affect the result. If the heart does accept it, it is saved; if not, condemned—with equal justice,—because God's will is the only measure of justice. If the promise is accepted, the soul believing that Christ has done all for it, is looked upon by God as if it really had a share in Christ's merit, *i. e.* is justified. And from that time a change in the character of its actions *must* take place from the natural operation of this conviction,—such change, however, having no influence whatever on justification—which is an accomplished fact, before the secondary change began. In short, sanctification of the heart is not even an element in justification, which is entirely Christ's doing,—it is an after process, a change effected in those whom God has already received for Christ's sake. Such is the teaching of Luther.

The Roman theology exhibits great depth of insight in its reply, which must, one would think, have triumphed but for the rooted impression left on men's minds by the actual state of the Church, that any concession to the spiritual importance of human efforts would restore a new sanction to that oppressive methodised system of ecclesiastical appliances which had alone propped up the tyranny of the falling Church. The following was the Tridentine theology. There is in every man a natural faculty of belief, intellectual, indeed, in its processes, but usually stirred into activity by *desire* to believe. This faculty acts in every-day life and in human things. When quickened by a deep desire it is much more sensitive and rapid in the apprehension of the evidence it seeks, than when acting only by its own energy. A man who deeply *desires* to believe in the goodness of another, for instance, finds the evidence and symptoms either for, or against his belief, with much truer and finer precision than one who does not. The desire stimulates the intellectual eyesight in looking for evidence. Now the grace of God acts upon this faculty by quickening the *desire* to believe in the truths of the Gospel,

and, accordingly, the evidence being really sufficient, there soon arises the first stage of faith,—unformed faith (*fides informis*) the Roman theologians call it. This kind of faith does *not* necessarily issue in good works. It is not yet *justifying* faith. But let the voluntary powers of man co-operate with this faith, following out the practical course to which it points, and being gradually quickened by more and more divine grace, it raises the soul into a pervading love for goodness and God; and then, and not till then, becomes full-formed faith,—faith formed by love (*fides charitate formata*)—which does justify, exactly because it sanctifies the soul of man in God's sight, and could not justify without also sanctifying. In the Roman theology, "justify" means "make holy," in the Lutheran, only "account holy." But if, on the other hand, the free-will of man resists the divine guidance of grace acting through the initial or unformed faith, and does not co-operate with it, then it never rises into the full-formed faith—the faith formed by love—but remains barren and unjustifying—that kind of faith which the devils have and tremble. It is of the latter, of the initial faith (not yet grown into a disposition of the will), that St. James speaks, when he calls faith without works dead. It is of the former, the faith which has worked itself, through love, into an habitual disposition of the will, that St. Paul speaks, when he says we are justified by faith—not by works. Mere cold *will-works*, which are not the fruit of any divine graft on the human stock, the Catholic Church repudiates as not justifying; but full-formed faith is itself ingrained with previous obedience, and must, while it remains, issue in good works. Works, therefore, unprompted by divine grace cannot be good, and cannot justify. But the faith which is the product of a grace to which the human will has surrendered itself, does justify, exactly because, having entered into the essence of the will, it ensures holiness of life.

There can surely be no deeper theology of the will than this. Alas! that the practical comment on it, afforded by the living Church, so misdirected men's thought that they could not then perceive its truth. The Roman Church herself had indeed but the unformed faith, which opened her eyes, but had struck no root in her will. Still her eyes were open, and were clear of sight—while the Reformers, perhaps from the very intensity of their faith, saw the reality only through a blinding mist of emotion.

And now we must conclude. But we must add one final comment. Has then the function we have pointed out as that of the Roman Church been all in vain? Was its careful accumulation of different sides of truth so long held together by the external band of authority, only to be dissipated to the four winds of heaven as soon as that band of authority was broken? Were the various national gifts, the many divergent tendencies of thought, amassed and united by the instinct of Rome, only to fly asunder as soon as the centuries permitted the heavy hands of the Roman bishop to be withdrawn? We cannot think that it has been so. The external Catholicity of doctrine, which brooded for so many centuries over Europe, has been to a great extent absorbed into an internal Catholicity of spirit impossible before. The early heresies were heresies of the whole *character*, running mainly parallel with the boundaries of *race*, and finding no echo in the nature of any but a single type of mind. The Gnostics and Mystics were Syrian or Egyptian, the Dialecticians were Greek, the Arians were Goths, the Donatists were African. And these types of character were so exclusive that the various classes had no power to enter into each others' wants. Now, modern sects show but little parallelism to the dividing lines of race. Each of the religious systems of our day rests not so much on a narrow basis of *character* as on a narrow tendency of *thought*. A certain prominence of special characteristic is of course implied: but there is, though often little developed, in nearly all a latent capacity for sympathy with the moral and spiritual wants which other systems than their own bring out with a fuller emphasis. Between the Evangelical and the High Church, for example, or the Evangelical and the Rationalist party—which exist in every Protestant country—there is, indeed, the widest separation of thought, but seldom any dividing gulf of character which change of circumstance, a deeper experience, or largeness of charity is not able to bridge over. It is want of culture, not defect of nature, that makes the chasm so wide. Men of the most opposite faiths can find a common neutral ground in *life*; and only believe so widely apart, because so little of their life has been woven fairly and fully into the texture of their faith. This was not so in the ancient days of the Catholic Church. The divergent heresies did not merely exhibit life as it was imaged in a narrowly-cultured intellect; but, as compared

with modern sectarianisms, they mirrored the whole of a narrow character. That the different sectaries of that age wholly lived out their form of faith was not so much creditable to their moral sincerity as an indication of absolute deficiency and poverty in their moral gifts. No one can read the accounts of the Syrian Gnostics, or the dialectic Christianity of Greece, or of the African Mystics, without feeling that the *nature* of these people was one-sided, that you have all but sounded their life when you have sounded their creed. And we believe that it might be so still, had not the Roman Church, by her tact and skill in consolidating the provinces of her spiritual empire, gradually drawn together the races of the world into a homogeneous moral civilisation. She provided, in that ecclesiastical atmosphere which Europe breathed for so many centuries, all the intellectual elements, though only in external juxtaposition, for Catholicity of character; and these did not fail to sink into the hearts of nations, nor will they fail again to reappear in an essential Catholicity of faith, whenever culture shall cover the *whole* basis of character, and develop the many latent germs which the Roman Church so painfully sowed amongst the nations. Her name, *Roman Catholic*, truly expresses her work,—the Catholicism of external law, of wide-reaching institutions, of aggregated faiths. Yet, through the purposes of Providence, she may lead to an *inward* Catholicism—a Catholicism of conscience and sentiment, of moral alliance, of convergent faiths.

## ART. V.—ROGERS'S LIFE OF BISHOP BUTLER.

1. *Some Remains (hitherto unpublished) of Joseph Butler, LL.D., some time Lord Bishop of Durham.*
2. *Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. VI. Part II. Article, Joseph Butler.* By Henry Rogers, Author of the "Eclipse of Faith."

ABOUT the close of the last century, a competent person discovered the wife of a country rector in the act of destroying, for culinary purposes, the last remnants of a box of sermons, which were found on inspection to have been written by Joseph Butler. The lady was reproved, but the exculpatory rejoinder was, "Why, the box was full once, and I thought they were my husband's." Nevertheless, when we first saw the above announcement of unpublished remains, we hoped her exemplary diligence had not been wholly successful, and that some important writings of Butler had recently been discovered. In this we have been disappointed. The remains in question are slight and rather trivial; the longest is a letter addressed to Dr. Clarke, to which we may allude hereafter; and in all the rest there is scarcely anything very characteristic, except the remark, "What a wonderful incongruity it is for a man to see the doubtfulness in which things are involved, and yet be impatient out of action, or vehement in it. Say a man is a sceptic, and add what was said of Brutus, *quicquid vult valde vult*, and you say there is the greatest contrariety between his understanding and temper that can be expressed in words:"—an observation which might be borne in mind by some English writers who panegyryze Julius Cæsar and the many French ones who panegyryze Napoleon.

The life of Butler is one of those in which the events are few, the transitions simple, and the final result strange. He was the son of a dissenting shopkeeper in Berkshire, was always of a meditative disposition and reading habit—grew

to manhood—was destined to the dissenting ministry—began to question the principles of dissent—entered at Oriel College—made valuable acquaintances there—rose in the church by means of them—obtained, first, the chaplaincy of the Rolls, then a decent living—then the rectory of Stanhope, the “golden” rectory, one of the best in the English Church—was recommended by his old friends to Queen Caroline—talked philosophy to her—pleased her (this being her favourite topic)—was made Bishop of Bristol, and thence translated to the richest of Anglican dignities—the prince bishopric of Durham, and there died.

These are the single steps, and there is none of them which is remote from our ordinary observation. We should not be surprised to see any of them every day. But when we look on the life as a whole, when we see what it is we are seeing, when we observe the son of a dissenting tradesman, a person of simple and pious disposition, of retiring habits, and scrupulous and investigating mind—in a word, the least worldly of ecclesiastics—attain to the most secular of ecclesiastical dignities, be a prince as well as a bishop, become the great magnate of the North of England, and dispense revenues to be envied by many a foreign potentate, we perceive the singularity of such a man with such beginnings attaining such a fortune. No man would guess from Butler's writings that he ever had the disposal of five pounds; it is odd to think what he did with the mining property and landed property, the royalties and rectories, coal dues and curacies, that he must have heard of from morning till evening.

It is certainly most strange that such a man should ever have been made a bishop. In general it seems that those become most eminent in the sheep-fold who partake most eminently of the qualities of the wolf. A few years ago, when Mr. Philpotts, the attorney, at Gloucester, hanged himself, an irreverent person said, “If that man had gone into the church, he would have been bishop of Exeter, and if the bishop, his brother, had been an attorney, he would have forged Jemmy Wood's will.” Nor is this surprising. The church is (as the article defines it) a congregation of men, faithful indeed, but faithful in various degrees. And in every corporation or combination of men, no matter for what purpose collected, there are certain secular qualities which attain eminence as surely as oil rises above water. At-

torneys are for the world, and the world is for attorneys. It is activity, ambition, vigour, sharp-sightedness, tact, boldness, watchfulness, and such as these, which raise a man in the Church as certainly as in the State; so long as there is wealth and preferment in the one, they will be attained a good deal as wealth and office are in the other. The *prowling* faculties will have their way. Those who hunger and thirst after riches will have riches, and those who hunger not, will not. Still to this there are exceptions, and Butler's case is one of them. It really seems as if the world had determined to give for once an encouraging instance of its sensibility to rectitude, of the real and great influence of real and great virtue.

The period at which Butler's elevation occurred certainly does not diminish the oddness of the phenomenon. We are not, indeed, of those, mostly disciples of Carlyle or Newman, who speak with untempered contempt of the eighteenth century. Rather, if we might trust our own feelings, we view it with appreciating regard. It was the age of substantial comfort. The grave and placid historian (we speak of Mr. Hallam), going learnedly over the generations of men, is disposed to think that there never was so much happiness before or since. Employment was plentiful; industry remunerative. The advantages of material civilisation were enjoyed, and its penalties scarcely foreseen. The troubles of the seventeenth century had died out; those of the nineteenth had not begun. Cares were few; the stir and conflict in which we live had barely commenced. It was not an age to trouble itself with prospective tasks; it had no feverish excitement, nor over-intellectual introspection; it lived on the fat of the land; *quieta non movere*, was its motto. Like most comfortable people, those of that time possessed a sleepy supine sagacity; they had no fine imaginings, no exquisite fancies; but a coarse scent of what was common, a "large roundabout common sense," (these are Locke's words,) which was their guide in what concerned them. Some may not think this romantic enough to be attractive, and yet it has a beauty of its own. They did not "look before or after," nor "pine for what was not;" they enjoyed what was; a solid homeliness was their mark. As we like to see a large lazy animal lying in the placid shade, without anxiety for the future and chewing the cud of the past; so we like

to look back at the age of our great-grandfathers, so solid in its habits and placid in the lapse of years. Some (as we have hinted) will think that this is not romantic enough; the Scotchman asked of Cuyp, why should he paint a *cow*? the only answer is, that he *has* painted a cow, and the placid repose is beautiful. Nevertheless—and this is what is to our purpose—we must own at once that the very merits of that age are of the earth, earthy; there was no talk then, of “obstinate questionings,” or “incommunicable dream;” heroism, enthusiasm, the sense of the supernatural, deep feeling, seem in a manner foreign to the very idea of it. It was in this point of view that the Tractarian movement was originally described as “tending towards the realisation of something better and nobler than satisfied the last century.” For the clergy it was, indeed, a bad time. The popular view of the profession seems accurately expressed in a well-known book of memoirs. “But if this was your opinion how came you not to let your friend Sherlock,” the well-known bishop, “into the secret? Why did you not tell him that half the pack, and those you most depended on, were drawn off, and the game escaped and safe, instead of leaving his lordship there to bark and yelp by himself, and make the silly figure he has done?” “Oh,” said Lord Carteret, “he talks like a parson, and consequently is so used to talk to people who do not mind him, that I left him to find it out at his leisure, and shall have him again for all this, whenever I want him.”

The fact of Butler's success is to be accounted for, as we have said, by his personal excellence. Mr. Talbot liked him, *Bishop* Talbot liked him, the Queen liked him, the King liked him. He says himself in these Remains, “Good men surely are not treated in this world as they deserve, yet 't is seldom, very seldom, their goodness makes them disliked, even in cases where it may seem to be so; but 't is some behaviour or other which, however excusable, perhaps infinitely overbalanced by their virtues, yet is offensive, possibly wrong, however such, it may be, as would pass off very well in a man of the world.” And he must have been alive to the fact in practice. He had every excuse for making virtue detestable. He was educated a Baptist in the vulgarest æra of English Puritanism, when it had fallen from its first estate, when it had least influence with the higher classes, when the revival which dates from John Wesley had not

begun, and the very memory of gentlemen such as Hutchinson or Hampden had passed away. A certain instinctive refinement, a "niceness" and gentleness of nature, preserved him not only from the coarser consequences of his position, but even from that angularity of mind which is not often escaped by those early trained to object to what is established.

Of his character the principal point may be described in the words which Arnold so often uses to denote the end and aim of his education, "moral thoughtfulness." A certain considerateness is, as it were, diffused over all his sentences. To most men conscience is an occasional, almost an external voice; to Butler it was a daily companion, a close anxiety. In a recent novel this disposition is skilfully delineated and delicately contrasted with its opposite. We may quote the passage, though it is encumbered with some detail. "But what was a real trouble to Charles," this is the person whose character is in question, "it got clearer and clearer to his apprehension, that his intimacy with Sheffield was not quite what it had been. They had indeed passed the vacation together, and saw of each other more than ever; but their sympathies with each other were not as strong, they had not the same likings and dislikings; in short, they had not such congenial minds, as when they were freshmen. There was not so much heart in their conversations, and they more easily endured to miss each other's company. They were both reading for honours, reading hard; but Sheffield's whole heart was in his work, and religion was but a secondary matter with him. He had no doubts, difficulties, anxieties, sorrows, which much affected him. It was not the certainty of faith which made a sunshine in his soul, and dried up the mists of human weakness; rather he had no perceptible need within him of that vision of the unseen, which is the Christian's life. He was unblemished in his character, exemplary in his conduct, but he was content with what the perishable world gave him. Charles's characteristic, perhaps more than anything else, was an habitual sense of the Divine Presence, a sense which, of course, did not ensure uninterrupted conformity of thought and deed to itself, but still there it was—the pillar of the cloud before him and guiding him. He felt himself to be God's creature, and responsible to Him; God's possession, not his own." Again the same character

is brought home to us, in a part of Walton's delineation of Hooker, which, indeed, except perhaps for the great quickness attributed to his intellect, might as a whole stand well enough for a description of Butler: "His complexion (if we may guess by him at the age of forty) was sanguine, with a mixture of choler; and yet his motion was slow even in his youth, and so was his speech, never expressing an earnestness in either of them, but an humble gravity suited to the aged. And it is to be observed (so far as inquiry is able to look back at this distance of time) that at his being a schoolboy he was an early questionist, quietly inquisitive why this was granted and that denied; this being mixed with a remarkable modesty and a sweet serene quietness of nature. . . . It is observable that he was never known to be extreme in any of his desires; never heard to repine or dispute with Providence, but, by a quiet gentle submission and resignation of his will to the wisdom of the Creator, bore the burden of the day with patience; . . . and by this, and a grave behaviour, which is a divine charm, he begot an early reverence for his person even from those that, at other times and in other companies, took a liberty to cast off that strictness of behaviour and discourse that is required in a collegiate life." Something of this is a result of disposition, yet on the whole it seems mainly the effect of the "moral thoughtfulness" which has been mentioned.

It is no doubt a question of great difficulty how far this can be made, or ought to be made, the abiding sentiment of all men; how far such teaching as that of Arnold's tends to introduce a too stiff and anxious habit of mind; how far the perpetual presence of a purpose will interfere with the simple happiness of life, and how far also it *can* be forced on the "lilies of the field;" how far the care of anxious minds and active thoughts is to be obtruded on the young, on the cheerful, on the natural. Others, too, might be asked, particularly if the inculcation of this temper and habit as a daily, universal obligation, a perpetual and general necessity for all characters, would not, or might not, impair the sanguine energy and masculine activity which are necessary for social action; whether it does not, in matter of fact, even now "burn and brand" into excitable fancies a few stern truths more deeply than a feeble reason will bear or the equilibrium of the world demands. But whatever be the issue of such

questions, on which there is perhaps now no decided or established opinion, there can be no question of the charm of such a character in those to whom it is natural. We may admire what we cannot share; reverence what we do not imitate. As those who cannot comprehend a strain of soothing music look with interest on those who can, as those who cannot feel the gentle glow of a quiet landscape yet stand aside and seem inferior to those who do, so in character the buoyant and the bold, the harsh and the practical, may, at least for the moment, moralize and look upwards, reverence and do homage, when they come to a close experience of what is gentler and simpler, more anxious and more thoughtful, kinder and more religious, than themselves. At any rate, so thought the contemporaries of Butler. They did, as a Frenchman would say, "their possible" for a good man; at least they made him a bishop.

It does not, however, appear that their kindness was very successful. Butler was very prosperous; but it does not appear that he was at all happy. In the midst of the princely establishment of his rich episcopate, so anxious a nature found time to be rather melancholy. The responsibilities of so cumbrous a position were but little pleasant to an apprehensive disposition; wealth and honour were finery and foolishness to a quiet and shrinking man. A small room in a tranquil college, daily walks and thoughtful talk, a little income and a few friends,—these, and these only, suit a still and meditative mind. Such, however, were denied him. He is said to have taken much pleasure in discussion and interchange of mind; but his life was passed in courts and country parsonages—the one too noisy, the last too still, to think or reason. Nor were there many people, whom we know of, that were congenial to him in that age. Scarcely any name of a friend of his has come down to us; one, indeed, there is—that of Bishop Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, the author of a treatise on the Catechism, a serious work still used for the purposes of tuition, with which, indeed, the name of the writer is now so associated that it is difficult to fancy even Butler on equal social terms with him; the notion of talking to him seems too much as though we were asked to converse familiarly with the Catechism itself.

There is, indeed, a circumstance not in itself unremark-

able, which shows that Secker, though he was educated at the same academy, could not have been on any terms of extreme intimacy with Butler. Some time after Butler's death, there was a rumour that he had died a Papist. There is no doubt, in fact, that Butler's opinions, being formed on principles of evidence and reasoning too strict to be extremely popular, were not likely to be agreeable to those about him, and when an Englishman sees anything in religion which he does not like, he always, *primâ facie*, imputes it to the Pope. Besides this general and strong argument, there were two particular ones—first, that he had erected a cross in the episcopal chapel at Bristol; secondly, that he was of a melancholy and somewhat of an ascetic turn; reasons which, though doubtless of force in their day and generation, are not likely to be of avail with us, who know so much more about crosses and fasting than they did then. It might have been expected that Secker, as Butler's old friend and schoolfellow (and from his catechetical turn peculiarly likely to inquire into the tenets of those he lived with), would have been able from his personal knowledge to throw a good deal of light upon the question. He was only, however, able to advance "*presumptive* arguments that Bishop Butler did not die a Papist," which were no doubt valuable; but yet give no great idea of the intimacy between the writer and the person about whom he was writing. Presumptive arguments there, of course, are in great numbers, which have always convinced every one that there was no truth in this rumour. The only reason for which we wish that Secker had been able to say he had heard Butler talk on the subject, and he was no Papist, is, that we should then have known who Butler talked to. There is nothing in Butler's writings at all showing any leaning to the peculiar tenets of Roman Catholicism, and there is much which shows a strong opinion against them; and it was far too extreme a doctrine to be at all agreeable to his very English, moderate, and shrinking mind.

It must, however, be granted, that though there is no trace or tendency in the writings of Butler to the peculiar superstitions advocated by the Pope, there is a strong and prevailing tinge of what may be called the principle of superstition, that is, the religion of fear. It may be doubted by some, especially at the present day, whether there be any true religion of that kind at all; yet it seems, as Butler would

have said, but a proper feeling "in such creatures as we are, in such a world as the present one."

It is to be considered that there are two distinct kinds of religion, which may for some purposes be called, the one the natural, and the other the supernatural. The former seems to take its rise from mere contemplation of external beauty. We look on the world, and we see that it is good. The Greek of former time reclining softly in his own bright land, "looked up to the whole sky and declared that the one was God." From the blue air and the fair cloud, the green earth and the white sea, a presence streams upon us. It modulates—

"With murmurs of the air,  
And motions of the forests and the sea,  
And voice of living beings and woven hymns  
Of night and day, and the deep heart of man."

But the true home of the idea is in the starlight sky; we instinctively mingle it with an admiration of infinite space, a cold purity is around us, and the clear and steel-like words of the poet justly reflect the doctrine of the clear and steel-like heaven:—

"The magic car moved on.  
Earth's distant orb appeared  
The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven;  
Whilst round the chariot's way  
Innumerable systems rolled,  
And countless spheres diffused  
An ever-varying glory.  
It was a sight of wonder: some  
Were horned like the crescent moon;  
Some shed a mild and silver beam  
Like Hesperus across the western sea;  
Some dashed athwart with trains of flame,  
Like worlds to death and ruin driven;  
Some shone like suns, and, as the chariot passed,  
Eclipsed all other light.  
Spirit of nature! here!  
In this interminable wilderness  
Of worlds, at whose immensity  
Even soaring fancy staggers,  
Here is thy fitting temple.

Yet not the lightest leaf  
That quivers to the passing breeze  
Is less instinct with thee :  
Yet not—”

And so on, and so it will be as long as there are poets to look upon the sky, or a sky to be looked at by them. The truth is, that there is a certain expressiveness (if we may so speak) in nature which persons of imagination naturally feel more acutely than others, and which cannot easily be in its full degree brought home to others, except in quotations of their writings, from which “smiling of the world,” as it has been called, more than from any other outward appearance, we infer the existence of an immaterial and animating spirit. This expressiveness seems to produce its effect on the mind, by a principle analogous to, perhaps in a severe analysis identical with, the interpretative faculty by which we acquire a cognizance of the existence of other human minds. There seem to be certain natural signs and tokens from which we (like other animals) instinctively infer, or rather, for there is no conscious reasoning, to which we silently impute life and thought and mind. We may even go further, and perhaps ascribe to the same instinct the interpretation of the detail of natural expression—the smile, the glance of the eye, the common interjections, the universal tokens of our simplest emotions ; those signs and marks and expressions which we make in our earliest infancy without teaching and by instinct, we seem also, by instinct and without learning, to read off, interpret, and comprehend, when used to us by others. The comprehension of this language is perhaps as much an instinct as the using of it. We need not go, however, into metaphysics ; whatever was its origin, such a power of interpreting material phenomena, such a faculty of *seeing* life, undoubtedlly there is ;—however we come by the power, we *can* distinguish living from dead creatures. At any rate if, like other living creatures, we take a natural cognizance of the simple expressions of life and mind, and without tuition comprehend the language and meaning of natural signs, in like manner, though less clearly and forcibly, because our attention is so much less forcibly directed to them, do we interpret the significance of the beauty and the sublimity of outward nature. “In the mountains” do we “feel our

faith." We seem to know there is something behind. There is a perception of something—

"Far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man—  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things,"

The Greek mythology is one entire and unmixed embodiment of this religion of nature, as we may term it, this poetic interpretation of the spirit that speaks to us in the signs and symbols within us. Nor can any sensitive or imaginative mind scrutinise itself without being distinctly conscious of its teaching.

Now of the poetic religion there is nothing in Butler. No one could tell from his writings that the universe was beautiful. If the world were a Durham mine or an exact square, if no part of it were more expressive than a gravel-pit or a chalk-quarry, the teaching of Butler would be as true as it is now. A young poet, not a very wise one, once said, "he did not like the Bible, there was nothing about flowers in it." He might have said so of Butler with great truth; a most ugly and stupid world one would fancy *his* books were written in. But in return and by way of compensation for this, there is a religion of another sort, a religion the source of which is within the mind, as the other was found to be in the world without; the religion to which we just now alluded as the religion (by an odd yet expressive way of speaking) of *superstition*. The source of this, as most persons are practically aware, is in the conscience. The moral principle (whatever may be said to the contrary by complacent thinkers) is really and to most men a principle of fear. The delights of a good conscience may be reserved for better beings, but few men who know themselves will say that they have often felt them by vivid and actual experience. A sensation of shame, of reproach, remorse, of sin (to use the word we instinctively shrink from because it expresses the meaning), is what the moral principle really and practically thrusts on most of us. Conscience is the condemnation of ourselves. We expect a penalty. As the Greek proverb teaches, "where there is shame there is fear;" where

there is the deep and intimate anxiety of guilt—the feeling which has driven murderers, and other than murderers, forth to wastes, and rocks, and stones, and tempests—we see as it were in a single complex and indivisible sensation, the pain and sense of guilt, and the painful anticipation of its punishment. How to be free from this is the question. How to get loose from this—how to be rid of the secret tie which binds the strong man and cramps his pride, and makes him angry at the beauty of the universe, which will not let him go forth like a great animal, like the king of the forest, in the glory of his might, but restrains him with an inner fear and a secret foreboding, that if he do but exalt himself he shall be abased; if he do but set forth his own dignity, he will offend ONE who will deprive him of it. This, as has often been pointed out, is the source of the bloody rites of heathendom. You are going to battle, you are going out in the bright sun with dancing plumes and glittering spear; your shield shines, and your feathers wave, and your limbs are glad with the consciousness of strength, and your mind is warm with glory and renown—with coming glory and unobtained renown; for who are you to hope for these—who are *you* to go forth proudly against the pride of the sun, with your secret sin and your haunting shame, and your real fear? First lie down and abase yourself—strike your back with hard stripes—cut deep with a sharp knife as if you would eradicate the consciousness—cry aloud—put ashes on your head—bruise yourself with stones, then perhaps God may pardon you; or, better still, so runs the incoherent feeling, *give* him something, your ox, your ass, whole hecatombs, if you are rich enough, anything, it is but a chance—you do not know what will please him—at any rate, what you love best yourself—that is most likely—your first-born son, then, after such gifts and such humiliation, he may be appeased—he may let you off—he may without anger let you go forth Achilles-like in the glory of your shield—he may *not* send you home as he would else, the victim of rout and treachery, with broken arms and foul limbs, in weariness and humiliation.

Of course it is not this kind of fanaticism that we impute to a prelate of the English Church; human sacrifices are not respectable, and Achilles was not rector of Stanhope. But though the costume and circumstances of life change, the human heart does not; its feelings remain. The same anxiety, the same consciousness of personal sin, which lead in barbarous

times to what has been described, show themselves in civilised life as well. In this quieter period, their great manifestation is scrupulosity, a care about the ritual of life, an attention to meats and drinks, and cups and washings. Being so unworthy as we are, feeling what we feel, abased as we are abased, who shall say that these are beneath us? In ardent imaginative youth they may seem so, but let a few years come, let them dull the will or contract the heart, or stain the mind—then the consequent feeling will be, as full experience shows, not that a ritual is too mean, too low, too degrading for human nature, but that it is a mercy we have to do no more—that we have only to wash in Jordan—that we have not even to go out into the unknown distance to seek for Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus. We have no right to judge, we cannot decide, we must do what is laid down for us,—we fail daily even in this,—we must never cease for a moment in our scrupulous anxiety to omit by no tittle and to exceed by no iota. An accomplished divine of the present day has written a dissertation to show that this sort of piety is that expressed by the Greek word *εὐλάβεια*, “piety contemplated on the side on which it is a fear of God,” and which he derives from *εὐλαμβάνεσθαι*, “the image underlying the word being that of the careful taking hold, the cautious handling of some precious yet delicate vessel, which with ruder or less anxious handling might be broken,” and he subsequently adds, “The only three places in the New Testament in which *εὐλαβής* occurs are these:—Luke ii. 25, Acts ii. 5, viii. 2. We have uniformly rendered it ‘devout,’ nor could this translation be bettered. It will be observed that on all these occasions it is used to express Jewish, and, as one might say, Old Testament piety. On the first it is applied to Simeon (*δίκαιος καὶ εὐλαβής*); on the second to those Jews who came from distant parts to keep the commanded feasts at Jerusalem; and on the third there can scarcely be a doubt that the *ἄνδρες εὐλαβεῖς* who carry Stephen to his burial are not, as might at first sight appear, *Christian* brethren, but devout Jews, who showed by this courageous act of theirs, as by their great lamentation over the slaughtered saints, that they abhorred this deed of blood, that they separated themselves in spirit from it, and thus, if it might be, from all the judgments which it would bring down on the city of those murderers. Whether it was also further given them to believe on the Crucified who had such witnesses

as Stephen, we are not told ; we may well presume that it was. . . . If we keep in mind that in that mingled fear and love which together constitute the piety of man toward God, the Old Testament placed its emphasis on the fear, the New places it on the love (though there was love in the fear of God's saints then, as there must be fear in their love now), it will at once be evident how fitly *εὐλαβῆς* was chosen to set forth their piety under the old covenant, who, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, were righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless, and leaving nothing willingly undone which pertained to the circle of their prescribed duties. For this sense of accurately and scrupulously performing that which is prescribed with the consciousness of the danger of slipping into a negligent performance of God's service, and of the need therefore of anxiously watching against the adding to or diminishing from, or in any other way altering that, which is commanded, lies ever in the words *εὐλαβῆς*, *εὐλάβεια*, when used in their religious signification. Plutarch, in more than one instructive passage, exalts the *εὐλάβεια* of the old Romans in divine matters, as contrasted with the comparative carelessness of the Greeks. Thus, in his "Coriolanus," after other instances in proof, he goes on to say, "Of late times also they did renew and begin a sacrifice thirty times one after another, because they thought still there fell out one fault or another in the same ; so holy and devout were they to the gods" (*τοιάντη μὲν εὐλάβεια πρὸς τὸ θεῖον Ῥωμαίων*). Elsewhere he portrays Æmilius Paulus as eminent for his *εὐλάβεια*. The passage is long, and I will only quote a portion of it, availing myself again of old Sir Thomas North's translation, which, though somewhat loose, is in essentials correct :—"When he did anything belonging to his office of priesthood, he did it with great experience, judgment, and diligence ; leaving all other thoughts, and without omitting any ancient ceremony or adding any new ; contending oftentimes with his companions in things which seemed light and of small moment ; declaring to them that, though we do presume the gods are easy to be pacified, and that they readily pardon all faults and scapes committed by negligence, yet if it were no more but for respect of the Commonwealth's sake, they should not slightly or carelessly dissemble or pass over faults committed in those matters." \*

\* Trench on the Synonyms of the New Testament (p. 191).

This is the view suggested by what Butler has happily called the "presages of conscience," by the "natural fear and apprehension" of punishment, "which restrains from crimes and is a declaration of nature against them." The great difficulty of religious philosophy is, to explain how we know that these two beings are the same—from what course and principle of reasoning it is that we acquire our knowledge that the *curiosus Deus*, the watchful Deity, who is ever in our secret hearts, who seeks us out in the fairest scenes, who is apt to terrify our hearts, whose very eyes seem to shine through nature, is the same being that animates the universe with its beauty and its light, smoothes the heaviness from our brow and the weight from our hearts, pervades the floating cloud and buoyant air,—

"And from the breezes, whether low or loud,  
And from the rain of every passing cloud,  
And from the singing of the summer birds,  
And from all sounds, all silence,"

—gives hints of joy and hope. This seems the natural dualism—the singular contrast of the God of imagination and the God of conscience, the God of beauty and the God of fear. How do we know that the being which refreshes is the same as he who imposes the toil, that the God of anxiety is the same as the God of help, that the intensely personal Deity of the inward heart is the same as the almost neutral spirit of external nature, which seems a thing more than a person, a light and impalpable vapour just beautifying the universe, and no more?

If we are to offer a suggestion, as we have stated a difficulty, we should hold that the only way of obviating or explaining the contrast, which is so perplexing to susceptible minds, is by recurring to the same primary assumption which is required to justify our belief in God's infinity, omnipotence, or veracity. We cannot *prove* in any way that God is infinite any more than that space is infinite; nor that God is omnipotent, since we do not know what powers there are in nature—that He is perfectly true, for we have had no experience or communication with Him, in which his veracity could be tested. We assume these propositions, and treat them, moreover, not as hypothetical assumptions or provisional theories to

be discarded if new facts should be discovered, and to be rejected if more elaborate research should require it, but as positive and clear certainties, on which we must ever act, and to which we must reduce and square all new information that may be brought home to us. In these respects we assume that God is perfect, and it is only necessary for the solution of our difficulty to assume that He is perfect in all. We have in both cases the same amount and description of evidence, the same inward consciousness, the same speaking and urging voice, requiring us to believe. In every step of religious argument we require the assumption, the belief, the faith, if the word is better, in an absolutely *perfect* Being—in and by whom we are, who is omnipotent as well as most holy, who moves on the face of the whole world and ruleth all things by the word of his power. If we grant this, the difficulty of the opposition between what we have called the natural and the supernatural religion is removed; and without granting it, that difficulty is perhaps insuperable. It follows from the very idea and definition of an infinitely-perfect Being, that He is within us, as well as without us—ruling the clouds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, as well as the fears and thoughts of man—smiling through the smile of nature, as well as warning with the pain of conscience, “*Sine qualitate bonum; sine quantitate magnum; sine indigentia creatorem; sine situ presidentem; sine habitu omnia continentem; sine loco ubique totum; sine tempore sempiternum; sine ulla sui mutatione mutabilia facientem, nihilque patientem.*” If we assume this, life is simple; without this all is dark.

The religion of the imagination is, in its consequences upon the character, free and poetical. No one need trouble himself to set about its defence. Its agreeability sufficiently defends it, and its congeniality to a refined and literary age. The religion of the conscience will seem to many of the present day slavish and morbid. And doubtless it may become so if it be allowed to eat into the fibre of character, and to supersede the manliness by which it should be supported. The whole of religion, of course, is not of this sort, and it is one which only very imperfect beings can have a share in. But so long as men are very imperfect, the sense of great imperfection should cleave to them, and while the consciousness of sin is on the mind, the consequent apprehension of deserved punishment seems in its proper degree

to be a reasonable service. However, any more of this discussion is scarcely to our purpose. No attentive reader of Butler's writings will hesitate to say, that he, at all events, was an example of the "anxious and scrupulous worshipper, who makes a conscience of changing any thing, of omitting anything, being in all things fearful to offend,"\* and most likely it was from this habit and characteristic of his mind, that he obtained the unenviable reputation of living and dying a Papist.

Of Butler's personal habits nothing in the way of detail has descended to us. He was never married, and there is no evidence of his ever having spoken to any lady save Queen Caroline. We hear, however, for certain that he was commonly present at her Majesty's philosophical parties, at which all questions, religious and moral, speculative and practical, were discussed with a freedom that would astonish the present generation. There was probably less of intellectual unbelief at that time than there is now, but there was an infinitely freer expression of what there was. The French Revolution frightened the English people. The awful calamities and horrors of that period were thought to be, as in part they were, the results and consequences of the irreligious opinions which just before prevailed. Scepticism became what in the days of Lord Hervey it was not, an ungentelemanly state of mind. At no meeting of the higher classes, certainly at none where ladies are present, is there now a tenth part of the plain questioning and *bonâ fide* discussion of primary Christian topics, that there was at the select suppers of Queen Caroline. The effect of these may be seen in many passages, and even in the whole tendency, of Butler's writings. No great Christian writer, perhaps, is so exclusively occupied with elementary topics and philosophical reasonings. His mind is ever directed towards the first principles of belief, and doubtless this was because, more than any other, he lived with men who plainly and clearly denied them. His frequent allusion to the difficulties of such discussions are likewise suggestive of a familiar personal experience. The whole list of directions which he gives the clergy of Durham on religious argument shows a daily familiarity with sceptical men. "It is," he says, "come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that

\* Trench, *ubi supra*.

it is now at length discovered to be false. And accordingly they treat it as if this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." No one would so describe the tone of talk now, nor would there be an equal reason for remembering his general caution against rashly entering the lists with the questioners. "Then, again, the general evidence of religion is complex and various. It consists of a long series of things: one preparatory to and confirming another from the beginning of the world till the present time, and it is easy to see how impossible it must be in a cursory conversation to unite all this into one argument, and represent it as it ought; and, could it be done, how utterly indisposed would people be to attend to it. I say in cursory conversation; whereas unconnected objections are thrown out in few words, and are easily apprehended without more attention than is usual in common talk, so that, notwithstanding we have the best cause in the world, and though a man were very capable of defending it, yet I know not why he should be forward to undertake it upon so great a disadvantage and to so little good effect, as it must be amid the gaiety and carelessness of common conversation." It is not likely from these remarks that Butler had much pleasure at the Queen's talking parties.

What his pleasures were, indeed, does not very distinctly appear. In reading we doubt if he took any keen interest. A voracious reader is apt, when he comes to write, to exhibit his reading in casual references and careless inuendoes, which run out insensibly from the fulness of his literary memory. But of this in Butler there is nothing. His writings contain little save a bare and often not a very plain statement of the necessary argument; there is perhaps scarcely a purely literary allusion to be found in his writings; none, at all events, which shows he had any favourite books, whose topics were ever present to his mind, and whose well-known words might be a constant resource in moments of weariness and melancholy. There is, too, a philippic in the well-known "Preface" against vague and thoughtless reading, which seems as if he felt the evil consequences more than the agreeableness of that sin. Some men find a compensation in the excitement of writing, for all other evils

and exclusions; but it is probable that, if Butler hated anything, he hated his pen. Composition is pleasant work for men of ready words, fine ears, and thick-coming illustrations; wit and eloquence please the writer as much as the reader. There is even some pleasantness in feeling that you have given a precise statement of a strong argument. But Butler, so far from having the pleasures of eloquence, had not even the comfort of perspicuity. He never could feel that he had made an argument tell by his way of wording it; it tells in his writings, if it tells at all, by its own native and inherent force. In some places the mode of statement is even stupid; it seems selected to occasion a difficulty. You often see that writers, Gibbon, for instance, believe that their words are good to eat, as well as to read; they had plainly a pleasure in rolling them about in the mouth like sugar-plums, and gradually smoothing off any knots or excrescences; but there is nothing of this in Butler.

The circumstance of so great a thinker being such a poor writer is not only curious in itself, but indicates the class of thinkers to which Butler belongs. Philosophers may be divided into seers on the one hand, and into gropers on the other. Plato, to use a contrast which is often used for other purposes, is the type of the first. On all subjects he seems to have before him a landscape of thought, with clear outline, and pure air, keen rocks and shining leaves, an attic sky and crystal-flowing river, each detail of which was as present, as distinct, as familiar to his mind as the view from the Acropolis, or the road to Decelea. As were his conceptions so is his style. What Protagoras said and Socrates replied, what Thrasy-machus and Polemo, what Gorgias and Calicles, all comes out in distinct sequence and accurate expression; each feature is engraved on the paper; an exact beauty is in every line. What a contrast is the style of Aristotle! He sees nothing—he is like a man groping in the dark about a room which he knows. He hesitates and suggests; proposes first one formula and then another; rejects both, gives a multitude of reasons, and ends at last with an expression which he admits to be incorrect and an apologetic “let it make no difference.” There are whole passages in his writings—the discussion about Solon and happiness, in the “Ethics,” is an instance—in which he appears like a schoolboy who knows the answer to a sum, but cannot get the figures to come to it.

This awkward and hesitating manner is likewise that of Butler. He seems to have an obscure feeling, an undefined perception, of what the truth is; but his manipulation of words and images is not apt enough to bring it out. Like the miser in the story, he has a shilling *about* him somewhere, if people will only give him time and solitude to make research for it. Like a person hunting for a word or name he has forgotten, he knows what it is, *only* he cannot say it. The fault is one characteristic of a strong and sound mind wanting in imagination. The visual faculty is deficient. The soundness of such men's understandings ensures a correct report of what comes before them, and its strength is shown in vigorous observations upon it; but they are unable to bring them out, the delineative power is wanting, they have no picture of the particulars in their minds; no instance or illustration occurs to them. Popular, in the large sense of the term, such writers can never be. Influential they may often become. The learned have time for difficulties; the critical mind is pleased with crooked constructions; the defective intellect likes the research for lurking and half-hidden truth. In this way portions of Aristotle have been noted these thousand years, as Chinese puzzles; and without detracting for a moment from Butler's real merit, it may be allowed that some of his influence, especially that which he enjoys in the English universities, is partially due to that obscurity of style, which renders his writings such apt exercises for the critical intellect, which makes the truth when found seem more valuable from the difficulty of finding it, and gives scope for an able lecturer to elucidate, annotate, and expound.

The fame of Butler rests mainly on two remarkable courses of reasoning, one of which is contained in the well-known Sermons, the second in the "Analogy." Both seem to be in a great measure suggested by the circumstances and topics of the time. There was a certain naturalness in Butler's mind which took him straight to the questions on which men differed around him. Generally, it is safer to prove what no one denies, and easier to explain difficulties which no one has ever felt. A quiet reputation is best obtained in the literary *quæstiuncule* of important subjects. But a simple and straightforward man studies great topics because he feels a want of the knowledge which they contain; and if he

has ascertained an apparent solution of any difficulty, he is anxious to impart it to others. He goes straight to the real doubts and fundamental discrepancies; to those on which it is easy to excite odium, and difficult to give satisfaction; he leaves to others the amusing skirmishing and superficial literature accessory to such studies. Thus there is nothing light in Butler; all is grave, serious, and essential; nothing else would be characteristic of him.

The Sermons of Butler are primarily intended as an answer to that recurring topic of ethical discussion, the Utilitarian Philosophy. He is occasionally spoken of by enthusiastic disciples as having uprooted this for ever. But this is hardly so; the selfish system still lives and flourishes. Nor must any writer on the fundamental differences of human opinion propose to himself such an aim. The source of the great heresies of belief lies in their congeniality to certain types of character frequent in the world, and liable to be reproduced by inevitable and recurring circumstances. We do not mean to imply that the variations of creeds are the native and essential variances of the minds which believe them, for this would render truth a matter of personal character, and make general discussion impossible. We allow—if occasion were, we would maintain—that all minds are originally so constituted as to be able to acquire right opinions on all subjects of the first importance to them; but, nevertheless, that the native bent of their character instinctively inclines them to particular views; that one man is naturally prone to one error, and another to its opposite; that this is increased by circumstances, and becomes for practical purposes invincible, unless it be met on the part of every man by early and vigorous resistance. The Epicurean philosophy is an example of these recurring and primary errors, inasmuch as it is congenial to clear, vigorous, and hasty minds, which have no great depth of feeling, and no searching introspection of thought, which prefer a ready solution to an accurate, an easy to an elaborate, a simple to a profound. Draw a slight worldliness—and the events of life will draw it—over such a mind, and you have the best Epicurean. It is not, however, useless to discuss topics like these. Nothing, in truth, would be more perverse than to abstain from proving certain truths, because some men were naturally prone to the opposite errors; rather, on the contrary, should we din them into

the ears, and thrust them upon the attention, of mankind; go out into the highways and hedges, and leave as few as possible for invincible ignorance to mislead or to excuse. It is much in every generation to state the ancient truth in the manner which that generation requires; to state the old answer to the old difficulty; to transmit, if not discover; convince, if not invent; to translate into the language of the living, the truths first discovered by the dead. This defence, though suggested by the subject, is not, however, required by Butler. He may claim the higher praise of having explained his subject in a manner essentially more satisfactory than his predecessors.

We are not concerned to follow Butler into the entire range of this ancient and well-discussed topic. We are only called on to make, and we shall only make, two or three remarks on the position which Butler occupies with respect to it. His grand merit is the simple but important one of having given a less complex and more graphic description of the facts of human consciousness than any one had done before. Before his time the Utilitarians had the advantage of appearing to be the only people who talked about real life and human transactions. The doctrines avowed by their opponents were cloudy, lofty, and impalpable. Platonic philosophy in its simple form is utterly inexplicable to the English mind. A plain man will not soon succeed in making anything of an archetypal idea. If an ordinary sensible Englishman take up even such a book as Cudworth's "Immutable Morality," it is nearly inevitable that he should put it down as mystical fancy. True as a considerable portion of the conclusions of that treatise are or may be, nevertheless the truth is commonly so put as to puzzle an Englishman, and the error so as particularly to offend him. We may open at random. "Wherefore," he says, "the result of all that we have hitherto said is this, that the intelligible natures and essences of things are neither arbitrary nor fantastical, that is, neither alterable by any will or opinion; and therefore everything is necessarily and immutably to science and knowledge what it is, whether absolutely, or relatively to all minds and intellects in the world. So that if moral good and evil, just and unjust, signify any reality, either absolute or relative, in the things so denominated, as they must have some certain natures, which are the actions or souls of men,

they are neither alterable by will or opinion. Upon which ground that wise philosopher, Plato, in his 'Minos,' determines that Νόμος, a law, is not δόγμα πόλεως, any arbitrary decree of a city or supreme governors; because there may be unjust decrees, which, therefore, are no laws, but the *invention of that which is*, or what is absolutely or immutably just in its own nature; though it be very true also that the arbitrary constitutions of those that have the lawful authority of commanding when they are not materially unjust, are laws also in a secondary sense, by virtue of that natural and immutable justice or law that requires political order to be observed. But I have not taken all this pains only to confute scepticism or fantasticism, or merely to defend or corroborate our argument for the immutable nature of the just and unjust; but also for some other weighty purposes that are very much conducing to the business we have in hand. And first of all, that the soul is not a mere *tabula rasa*, a naked and passive thing, which has no innate furniture or activity of its own, nor anything at all in it but what was impressed on it from without; for, if it were so, then there could not possibly be any such thing as moral good and evil, just and unjust, forasmuch as these differences do not arise merely from outward objects or from the impresses which they make upon us by sense, there being no such thing in them, in which sense it is truly affirmed by the author of the 'Leviathan' (p. 24), 'That there is no common rule of good and evil to be taken from the nature of the objects themselves,' that is, either considered absolutely in themselves, or relatively to external sense only, but according to some other interior analogy which things have to a certain inward determination in the soul itself from whence the foundation of all this difference must needs arise, as I shall show afterwards; not that the anticipations of morality spring merely from intellectual forms and notional ideas of the mind, or from certain rules or propositions printed on the 'soul as on a book,' but from some other more inward and vital principle in intellectual beings, as such, whereby they have a natural determination in them to do certain things, and to avoid others, which could not be, if they were mere naked, passive things." It is instructive to compare Butler's way of stating a doctrine substantially similar.

"Mankind has various instincts and principles of action, as brute creatures have; some leading most directly and immediately to the good of the community, and some most directly to private good.

"Man has several which brutes have not; particularly reflection or conscience, an approbation of some principles or actions, and disapprobation of others.

"Brutes obey their instincts or principles of action, according to certain rules; suppose the constitution of their body, and the objects around them.

"The generality of mankind also obey their instincts and principles, all of them; those propensions we call good, as well as the bad, according to the same rules, namely, the constitution of their body, and the external circumstances which they are in.

"Brutes, in acting according to the rules before mentioned, their bodily constitution and circumstances, act suitably to their whole nature.

"Mankind also, in acting thus, would act suitably to their whole nature, if no more were to be said of man's nature than what has been now said; if that, as it is a true, were also a complete, adequate account of our nature.

"But that is not a complete account of man's nature. Something further must be brought in to give us an adequate notion of it, namely, that one of those principles of action, conscience, or reflection, compared with the rest, as they all stand together in the nature of man, plainly bears upon it marks of authority over all the rest, and claims the absolute direction of them all, to allow or forbid their gratification; a disapprobation of reflection being in itself a principle manifestly superior to a mere propension. And the conclusion is, that to allow no more to this superior principle or part of our nature, than to other parts: to let it govern and guide only occasionally in common with the rest, as its turn happens to come, from the temper and circumstances one happens to be in,—this is not to act conformably to the constitution of man. Neither can any human creature be said to act conformably to his constitution of nature, unless he allows to that superior principle the absolute authority which is due to it. And this conclusion is abundantly confirmed from hence, that one may determine what course of action the economy of man's nature requires, without so much as knowing in what degrees of *strength* the several principles prevail, or which of them have actually the greatest influence.

"The practical reason of insisting so much upon this natural authority of the principle of reflection or conscience is, that it seems in a great measure overlooked by many, who are by no means the worst sort of men. It is thought sufficient to abstain from gross wickedness, and to be humane and kind to such as happen to come in their way. Whereas, in reality, the very constitution of our

nature requires, that we bring our whole conduct before this superior faculty; wait its determination; enforce upon ourselves its authority; and make it the business of our lives, as it is absolutely the whole business of a moral agent, to conform ourselves to it. This is the true meaning of that ancient precept, *Reverence thyself*."

We do not mean that Cudworth's style is not as good, or better, than the style of Butler; but that the language and illustrations of the latter belong to the same world as that we live in, have a relation to practice, and recall sentiments we remember to have felt and sensations which are familiar to us, while those of Cudworth, on the contrary, seem difficult, and are strange in the ears of the common people.

We do not need to go more deeply into the discussion of Butler's doctrine, for it is familiar to our readers. If there is any incorrectness in the delineation which he has given of conscience, it is in the passages in which he speaks, or seems to speak, of it more as an animating or suggesting, than as a criticising or regulative faculty. The error of this representation has been repeatedly pointed out and illustrated in these pages. It is probable, indeed, that Butler's attention had scarcely been directed with sufficient precision to this portion of the subject. It follows evidently, from his favourite principles, that when two impulses—say benevolence and self-love—contend for mastery in the mind, and conscience pronounces that one is a higher and better motive of action than the other, the office of conscience is judicial, and not impulsive. Conscience gives its opinion, and the will obeys or disobeys at its pleasure; the impelling spring of action is the selected impulse on which the will finally decides to act. At the same time, it must be admitted that there are cases when, for practical purposes, conscience is an impelling and goading faculty. We mean when it is opposed by indolence. There is a heavy lassitude of the will, which is certainly spurred, sometimes effectually, and sometimes in vain, by our conscience. It is possible that the correct language may be, that in such cases the desire of ease is opposed by the desire of doing our duty; and that in this case also the office of conscience is simply to say, that the latter is higher than the former. To us it seems, however, if we may trust our consciousness on points of such exact nicety, that it is more graphically true to speak of the sluggishness of the will being goaded and stimulated by the activity of conscience. There is, perhaps,

a native inertness in the voluntary faculty which will not come forth unless great occasion is shown it. At any rate, something like this was perhaps the meaning of Butler, and he, no doubt, would have included in the term conscience the desire to do our duty as such, and because it is such.

The distinctness of Butler's explanations of our moral nature is remarkably shown in the precision with which he treats the subject of disinterestedness. Even now, and in the face of his explanations, people puzzle themselves on this head. A few years ago, the most eminent contributor to the most eminent of our Reviews decided authoritatively, "What proposition is there respecting human nature which is absolutely and universally true? We know of only one; and that is not only true but identical; *that men always act from self-interest.*" And yet Butler had before given a very clear explanation of the matter.

"The chief design," he says in his Preface, "of the eleventh discourse, is to state the notion of self-love and disinterestedness, in order to show that benevolence is not more unfriendly to self-love than any other particular affection whatever. There is a strange affectation in many people in explaining away all particular affections, and representing the whole of life as nothing but one continued exercise of self-love. Hence arises that surprising confusion and perplexity in the Epicureans of old, Hobbs, the author of '*Reflections, Sentences, et Maximes Morales,*' and this whole set of writers; the confusion of calling actions interested, which are done in contradiction to the most manifest known interest, merely for the gratification of a present passion. Now, all this confusion might easily be avoided, by stating to ourselves wherein the idea of self-love in general consists, as distinguished from all particular movements towards particular external objects; the appetites of sense, resentment, compassion, curiosity, ambition, and the rest. When this is done, if the words *selfish* and *interested* cannot be parted with, but must be applied to everything, yet, to avoid such total confusion of all language, let the distinction be made by epithets; and the first may be called cool, or settled selfishness, and the other passionate, or sensual selfishness. But the most natural way of speaking, plainly is, to call the first only, self-love, and the actions proceeding from it, interested; and to say of the latter, that they are not love to ourselves, but movements towards somewhat external,—honour, power, the harm or good of another. And that the pursuit of these external objects, so far as it proceeds from these movements (for it

may proceed from self-love), is no otherwise interested, than as every action of every creature must, from the nature of the thing, be; for no one can act but from a desire, or choice, or preference of his own.

"Besides, the very idea of an interested pursuit, necessarily presupposes particular passions or appetites; since the very idea of interest, or happiness, consists in this, that an appetite, or affection, enjoys its object. It is not because we love ourselves that we find delight in such and such objects, but because we have particular affections towards them. Take away these affections, and you leave self-love absolutely nothing at all to employ itself about; no end, or object for it to pursue, excepting only that of avoiding pain. Indeed, the Epicureans, who maintained that absence of pain was the highest happiness, might, consistently with themselves, deny all affection, and, if they had so pleased, every sensual appetite too: but the very idea of interest, or happiness, other than absence of pain, implies particular appetites or passions; these being necessary to constitute that interest or happiness.

"The observation, that benevolence is no more disinterested than any of the common particular passions, seems in itself worth being taken notice of; but is insisted upon to obviate that scorn, which one sees rising upon the faces of people who are said to know the world, when mention is made of a disinterested, generous, or public-spirited action. The truth of that observation might be made to appear in a more formal manner of proof; for, whoever will consider all the possible respects and relations which any particular affection can have to self-love and private interest, will, I think, see demonstrably, that benevolence is not in any respect more at variance with self-love, than any other particular affection whatever, but that it is, in every respect, at least as friendly to it.

"If the observation be true, it follows, that self-love and benevolence, virtue and interest, are not to be opposed, but only to be distinguished from each other; in the same way as virtue and any other particular affection, love of the arts, suppose, are to be distinguished. Everything is what it is, and not another thing. The goodness, or badness, of actions, does not arise from hence, that the epithet, interested, or disinterested, may be applied to them, any more than that any other indifferent epithet, suppose inquisitive or jealous, may, or may not, be applied to them; not from their being attended with present or future pleasure or pain, but from their being what they are: namely, what becomes such creatures as we are, what the state of the case requires, or the contrary. Or, in other words, we may judge and determine that an action is morally good or evil, before we so much as consider, whether it be interested or disinterested. This consideration no more comes in to determine, whether an action be virtuous, than to determine whe-

ther it be resentful. Self-love, in its due degree, is as just and morally good as any affection whatever. Benevolence towards particular persons may be to a degree of weakness, and so be blamable. And disinterestedness is so far from being in itself commendable, that the utmost possible depravity, which we can in imagination conceive, is that of disinterested cruelty."

It may be doubted, indeed, if Mr. Macaulay really meant anything inconsistent with this explanation, and that he meant to use "self-interest" as a general name for any motive for which a man sees fit to act. But the above extract from Butler shows that this is not the most appropriate use of the term, and the whole of Mr. Macaulay's controversy with the Utilitarians is clouded and confused by his misapplication of this word.

Butler has been claimed by Mr. Austin, in his "Province of Jurisprudence" (and sometimes since by other writers), as a supporter of the compound Utilitarian scheme, as it has been called, which regards the promotion of general happiness as the single inherent characteristic of virtuous actions, and considers the conscience as a special instinct for directing men in determining what actions are for the general interest and what are not. This theory is, of course, distinct from the common Epicurean scheme, which either denies, like Bentham, the fact of a conscience *in limine*, or, like Mill, professes to explain it away as an effect of illusion and association. The "Composite theory," on the other hand, distinctly admits the existence and obligatory authority of conscience, but considers it as a ready, expeditious, and, so to say, telegraphic mode of arriving at results which could otherwise be reached only by toilsome and dubious discussions of general utility. In our judgment, however, the writings of Butler hardly warrant an authoritative ascription to him of this philosophy. He, doubtless, held that the promotion of general happiness, taking all time and all the world into a complete account, is *one* characteristic and ascertainable property of virtue; but there is nothing to show that he thought it was the only one. On the contrary, we think we could show, with some plausibility, from several passages, that, in his judgment, virtuous actions had, besides, several essential and appropriate qualities. He was, at all events, the last man to deny that they might have; and his whole reasoning on the subject of moral probation seems to imply that, inasmuch as such a state is, according to every

appearance, not at all the readiest or surest means of promoting satisfaction and enjoyment, it must have been selected either for the cultivation of virtue and goodness or for some other reason which is not known to us. It is one thing to hold that, the nature of man being what it is, a virtuous life is the happiest as well as best; and another, that it is the best because it is the happiest, and that the nature of man was created in the manner it is in order to produce that happiness. The first is, of course, the doctrine of Butler; the second there does not seem any certain ground for imputing to him.

The religious side of morals is rather indicated and implied, than elaborated or worked out by Butler. Yet, as we formerly said, a constant reference to the "presages of conscience" pervades his writings. Although he has nowhere drawn out the course of reasoning fully, or step by step, it is certain that he relied on the moral evidence for a moral Providence; not, indeed, with foolhardy assurance, but with the cautious confidence which was habitual to him. The ideas which are implied in the term justice—the connection between virtue and reward—sin and punishment—a sacred law and holy Ruler, were plainly the trains of reflection most commonly present to his mind.

Persons who give credence to an intuitive conscience are so often taunted with the variations and mutability of human nature, that it is worth noticing how remarkable is the coincidence in essential points of feeling between minds so different as Butler, Kant, and Plato. It is hardly possible to imagine among thoughtful men a greater diversity of times and characters. The great Athenian in his flowing robes daily conversing in captious Athens—the quiet rector wandering in Durham coal-fields—the smoking professor in ungainly Königsberg, would, if the contrast were not too great for art, form a trio worthy of a picture. The whole series of truths and reasonings which we have called the supernatural religion, or that of conscience, is, however, as familiar to one as to the other, and is the most important, if not the most conspicuous, feature in the doctrinal teaching of all three. The very great differences of nomenclature and statement, the entire contrast in the style of expression, do but heighten the wonder of the essential and interior correspondence. The doctrine has certainly shown its capability of co-existing with all forms of civilisation; and at least the

simplest explanation of its diffusion is by supposing that it has a real warrant in the nature and consciousness of man.

Such is the doctrine of the Sermons; the argument of the "Analogy" is of a different and more complicated kind; and, from its refinement, requires to be stated with care and precaution. As the Sermons are in a great measure a reply to the caricaturists of Locke, the "Analogy" is, in reality, designed as a confutation of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke. It was the object of those writers, as of others since, to disprove the authority of the Christian and Jewish revelation, by showing that they enjoined on man conduct forbidden by the law of nature, and likewise imputed to the Deity actions of an evil tendency and degrading character. These writers are commonly, and perhaps best met, by a clear denial of the fact; by showing in detail, that Christianity is really open to no such objections, contains no such precepts, and imputes no such actions: the reply of Butler is much more refined and peculiar.

The "Analogy" opens with a discussion on the source of that species of argument; on the principle of the mind, by which similarity of circumstances becomes a ground and basis for reasoning. He justly remarks, that the strength of the argument varies from that of the lowest presumption to well nigh the strength of demonstration, according to the degree of similarity in the two things compared, and to our power of making observations on them; and proceeds with other illustrative remarks of the same sort. "Hence," namely, from analogical reasoning, he adds, "Origen has with singular sagacity observed, that he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of Nature, may well expect to find in it the same sort of difficulties as are to be found in the constitution of nature. And in a like way of reflection it may be added, that he who denies the Scripture to have been from God, upon account of these difficulties, may, for the same reason, deny the world to have been formed by Him. On the other hand, if there be an analogy or likeness between that system of things and dispensation of Providence, which Revelation informs us of, and the known course of Nature, this is a presumption, that they have both the same author and cause; at least, so far as to answer objections against the former's being from God, drawn from anything which is analogical or

similar to what is in the latter; for an Author of Nature is here supposed." And he uses this principle, not only as might be inferred from the hesitating tone of the last sentence, as an answer to objections, which are drawn themselves from analogy, but likewise to all others that are or can be adduced against a revelation from its internal contents. And it is commonly understood to be an effectual answer to all internal criticism. Professor Rogers, for example, has the following passage in the Notice of Butler, the title of which we have ventured to affix to this Article:—

"Further; we cannot but think that the conclusiveness of Butler's work as against its true object, 'The Deist,' has often been underrated, by many even of its genuine admirers. Thus, Dr. Chalmers, for instance, who gives such glowing proofs of his admiration of the work, and expatiates in a congenial spirit on its merits, affirms that 'those overrate the power of analogy who look to it for any very distinct or positive contribution to the Christian argument. To repel objections, in fact, is the great service which analogy has rendered to the cause of Revelation, and it is the *only service* which we seek for at its hands.' This, abstractedly, is true; but, *in fact*, considering the *position* of the bulk of the objectors, that they have been invincibly persuaded of the truth of theism, and that their objections to Christianity have been exclusively or chiefly of the kind dealt with in the 'Analogy,' the work is much more than an *argumentum ad hominem*—it is not simply of negative value. To such *objectors* it logically establishes the truth of Christianity, or it forces them to recede from theism, which the bulk will not do. If a man says, 'I am invincibly persuaded of the truth of proposition A, but I cannot receive proposition B, because objections  $\alpha, \beta, \gamma$  are opposed to it; if these were removed, my objections would cease;' then, if you can show that  $\alpha, \beta, \gamma$  equally apply to the proposition A, his reception of which, he says, is based on invincible evidence, you do really compel such a man to believe that not only B *may* be true, but that it *is* true, unless he be willing (which few in the parallel case are) to abandon proposition A as well as B. This is precisely the condition in which the majority of deists have ever been, if we may judge from their writings. It is usually the *à priori* assumption, that certain facts in the history of the Bible, or some portions of its doctrine, are unworthy of the Deity, and incompatible with his character or administration, that has chiefly excited the incredulity of the deist; far more than any dissatisfaction with the positive evidence which substantiates the Divine origin of Christianity. Neutralize these objections by showing that they are *equally* applicable to what

he declares he cannot relinquish—the doctrines of theism; and you show him, if he has a particle of logical sagacity, not only that Christianity may be true, but that it is so; and his only escape is by relapsing into atheism, or resting his opposition on other objections of a very feeble character in comparison, and which, probably, few would ever have been contented with alone; for, *apart* from those objections which Butler repels, the historical evidence for Christianity,—the evidence on behalf of the integrity of its records, and the honesty and sincerity of its founders,—showing that they *could* not have constructed such a system if they *would*, and *would* not, supposing them impostors, if they *could*,—is stronger than that for any fact in history.

“In consequence of this position of the argument, Butler’s book, to large classes of objectors, though practically an *argumentum ad hominem*, not only proves Christianity *may* be true, but in all logical fairness proves it *is* so. This he himself, with his usual judgment, points out. He says: ‘And objections, which are equally applicable to both natural and revealed religion, are, properly speaking, answered by its being shown that they are so, *provided the former be admitted to be true.*’”

No one can deny the ingenuity of this line of reasoning, but we can only account for the great assent which it has received, by supposing that the goodness of the cause for which it is commonly brought forward has not unnaturally led to an undue approbation of the argument itself. From the amount of authority in its favour, we feel some diffidence, but otherwise we should have said, without hesitation, that it was open to several objections.

In the first place, so far from its being probable that Revelation would have contained the same difficulties as Nature, we should have expected that it would explain those difficulties. The very term Supernatural Revelation implies that previously and by nature man is, to a great extent, in ignorance; that particularly he is unaware of some fact, or series of facts, which God deems it fit that he should know. The instinctive presumption certainly is, that those facts would be most important to us. No doubt it is possible that, for incomprehensible reasons, a special revelation should be made of facts purely indifferent, of the date when London was founded, or the precise circumstances of the invasion by William the Conqueror. But this is in the highest degree improbable. What seems likely (and the whole argument is essentially one of likelihood), in truth, is that the Revela-

tion which God would vouchsafe to us would be one affecting our daily life and welfare, would communicate truths either on the one hand conducing to our temporal happiness in the present world, or removing the many doubts and difficulties which surround the general plan of Providence, the entire universe, and our particular destiny. These are the two classes of truths on which we seem to require help, and it is in the first instance more probable that assistance would be given us on those points on which it is most required.

The argument of Butler, of course, relates to our religious difficulties. Now it seems impossible to deny that this is the exact class of difficulty which it is most likely a revelation, if given, would explain. No one who reasons on this subject is likely to deny that the natural faculties of man are more clearly adequate to our daily and temporal happiness, than to the explanation of the perplexities which have confounded men since the beginning of speculation,—of which the mere statement is so vast,—which relate to the scheme of the universe and the plan of God. This is the one principle on which the most extreme sceptics, and the most thorough advocates of revelation, meet and agree. The sceptic says, "Man is not born to resolve the mystery of the universe; but he must nevertheless attempt it, that he may keep within the limits of the knowable"—which really means that he is to use his hands, and be quiet; to abstain from all religious inquiry; to confine himself to this life, and be industrious and practical within its limits. The advocate of revelation is for ever denying the competency of the human faculties to explain, or puzzle out, what in the large sense most concerns him. There are difficulties celestial, and difficulties terrestrial; but it is certainly more likely that God would interfere miraculously to explain the first than to remove the second.

Let us look at the argument more at length. The supposition and idea of a "miraculous revelation" rest on the ignorance of man. The scene of nature is stretched out before him; it has rich imagery, and varied colours, and infinite extent; its powers move with a vast sweep; its results are executed with exact precision; it gladdens the eyes, and enriches the imagination: it tells us something of God—something important, yet not enough. For example, difficulties abound; poverty and sin, pain and sorrow, fear and

anger, press on us with a heavy weight. On every side our knowledge is confined, and our means of enlarging it small. Of this the outer world takes no heed; nature is "unfeeling;" her laws roll on; "beautiful and dumb," she passes forward and vouchsafes no sign. Indeed, she seems to hide, as one might fancy, the dark mysteries of life which seem to lie beneath; our feeble eyes strain to look forward, but her "painted veil" hangs over all, like an October mist upon the morning hills. Here, as it seems, revelation intervenes: God will break the spell that is upon us; will meet our need; will break, as it were, through the veil of nature; He will show us of Himself. It is not likely, surely, that He will break the everlasting silence to no end; that, having begun to speak, He will tell us nothing; that He will leave the difficulties of life where He found them; that He will repeat them in his speech; that He will revive them in his word. It seems rather, as if his faintest disclosure, his least word, would shed abundant light on all doubts, would take the weight from our minds, would remove the gnawing anguish from our hearts. Surely, surely, if He speaks He will make an end of speaking, He will show us some good, He will destroy "the veil that is spread over all nations," and the "covering over all people;" He will not "darken counsel by words without knowledge."

To this line of argument we know of but one objection; it may be said, that, from the immensity of the universe in which man is, reasons may exist for communicating to him facts of which he cannot appreciate the importance, but a belief in which may nevertheless be most important to his ultimate welfare. Of this kind, according to some divines, is the doctrine of the "Atonement." According to them, it is impossible to explain the mode in which the death of Christ conduces to the forgiveness of sin, or why a belief in it should be made, as they think it is, a necessary preliminary to such forgiveness. These reasoners say, that this is a revealed matter of fact; part of a system of things which is not known now, which would very likely be above our understanding if it were explained, which, at all events, is not explained. The answer to such a train of argument is, that the revelation of an inexplicable fact is, no doubt, possible, and that, if adequate evidence could be adduced in its favour, we might be bound to acquiesce in it, but that,

on the other hand, such a revelation is extremely improbable: so far as we can see, there was no occasion for it; it helps in nothing, explains to us nothing; it enlarges our knowledge only thus far, that for some unknown reason we are bound to believe something from which certain effects follow in a manner which we cannot understand. Such a revelation is, as has been said, possible; but it is much more likely, *à priori*, that a revelation, if given, would be a revelation of facts suited to our comprehension, and throwing a light on the world in which we are.

The same remark is applicable to a revelation commanding rites and ceremonies which do not come home to the conscience as duties, and of which the reasons are not explained to us by the revelation itself. The Pharisaic code of "cups and washings" is an obvious instance. It is obviously most improbable that we should be ordered to do these things. It may be true; but the evidence of it should be overwhelming, and should be examined with almost suspicious and sceptical care. A revelation of a rule of life which approves itself to the heart, which awakens conscience, which seems to come from God, is the greatest conceivable aid to man, the greatest explanation of our most practical perplexities; a revelation of rites and ordinances is a revelation of new difficulties, telling us nothing of God, imposing an additional taskwork on ourselves.

It is throughout to be remembered, that the "Analogy" is, as the Germans would speak, a "Kritik" of every possible revelation. The first principle of it rests on the inquiry, "What would it be likely that a revelation, if vouchsafed, would contain?" The whole argument is one of pre-conception, presumption, and probability. It claims to establish a principle, which may be used in defence of any revelation, the Mahomedan as well as the Christian; according to it, as soon as you can show that a difficulty exists in nature, you may immediately expect to find it in revelation. If carried out to its extreme logical development, it would come to this, that if a catalogue were constructed of all the inexplicable arrangements and difficulties of nature, you might confidently anticipate that these very same difficulties in the same degree and in the same points would be found in revelation. Both being from the same Author, it is presumed that each would resemble the other. The principle,

even to this length, is enunciated by Mr. Rogers; the difficulties of nature are the  $\alpha$ ,  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$  of the extract: and he asserts, that if you can show that all of them exist in one system, you have every reason to expect *all* of them in the other. Yet, surely, what can be more monstrous than that a supernatural communication from God should simply enumerate all the difficulties of his natural government and not enlighten us as to any of them, should revive our perplexities without removing them, should not satisfy one doubt or one anxiety, but repeat and proclaim every fact which can give a basis to them both?

The case does not rest here. There is a second ground of objection to the argument of the "Analogy" on which we are inclined to lay nearly equal stress. As has been said, it is most likely that a revelation from God would explain at least a part of the religious difficulties of man; and, in matter of fact, all systems, purporting to be revelations, have, in their respective degrees, professed to do so. They all deal with what may be called the system of the universe—its moral plan and scheme; the destiny of man therein—the motives from which God created it,—and the manner in which He directs it. Throughout the whole range of doctrines, from Mormonism up to Christianity, no one has ever gained any acceptance, has ever, perhaps, been really put forward, which did not deal with this whole range of facts—which did not tell man, according to its view, whence he is, and whither he goes. Revelations, as such, are communications concerning eternity. Now, it seems to us, that so far from its being likely, *à priori*, that a revelation of this sort would contain the same perplexing difficulties which cause so much evil in this world, in the same degree in which they exist here, it would be scarcely possible by any evidence, *à posteriori*, to establish the communication of such a system from the Divine Being. It seems clear on the surface of the subject that, the extent of the unknown world being so enormous in comparison with that which is known, this scene being so petty, and the plan of Providence so vast—earth being little, and space infinite—Time short, and Eternity long—a difficulty, which is of no moment in so contracted a sphere as this, becomes of infinite moment when extended to the sphere of the Almighty. From the smallness of the region which we see—the short time which

we live—from the few things which we know,—it may well be that there are points which perplex the feebleness of our understanding and puzzle the best feelings of our hearts. We see, as some one expresses it, the universe “not in plan, but in section;” and we cannot expect to understand very much of it. But when our knowledge increases—when, by a revelation, that plan is unfolded to us—when God vouchsafes to communicate to us the system on which He acts, then it is rational to expect those difficulties would diminish—would gradually disappear as the light dawned upon us—would vanish finally when the dayspring arose on our hearts. If a difficulty of nature be repeated in revelation, it would seem to show that it was not, as we had before supposed, a consequence of our short-sighted views and contracted knowledge, but a real inherent element in the scheme of the universe, not a petty shade on a petty globe, but a pervading inherent stain, extending over all things, destroying the beauty of the universe, impairing the perfectness of all creation. Take, as an instance, the extreme doctrine of Antinomian Calvinism,—suppose that the eternal condition of man depended in no degree on his acts, or works, or upon himself in any form, but on an arbitrary act of selection by God, which chooses some, independently of any antecedent fitness on their part, for eternal happiness, and consigns all others—irrespective of their guilt or innocence—to eternal ruin. Nothing, of course, can be more shocking than such a doctrine when stated in simple language; and if it really were contained in any document that professes to be a revelation, we should be plainly justified in passing it by as one which no evidence would prove to have been inspired by God. Yet it certainly does not want partial analogies in this world. The condition of men here does seem here to be in a considerable measure the result not of what they do, or of what their characters are, but of the mere circumstances in which they are placed, over which they have no control, choice, or power. One man is born in a ditch, another in a palace; one with a gloomy and painful, another with a cheerful and happy mind; one to honour, another to dishonour. We invent words—fortune, luck, chance—to express in a subtle way the notion that some seem the favourites of circumstance, others the scape-goats. So far as it goes, this is a distinct “election” on

the part of God of some to misery, of others to felicity, irrespective of their personal qualities. Accordingly, it may be argued, why should we not expect to find the same in the world of revelation, which is from the hand of the same Creator? But this will scarcely impose on any one. A certain indignation arises within us,—conscience uplifts her voice, and we reply, “It may well be that for a short time God may afflict his people without their own fault, but that He should do so for ever—that He should make no end of injustice—that He favours one without a reason, and condemns another without a fault,—this, come what may, we will not believe,—we would sooner cast ourselves at large on the waste of uncertainty;—pass on with your teaching, and ask God, if so be that He will pardon you for attributing such things to Him.” We need not further enlarge on this.

Again, and in the practical conduct of the argument this is a very material consideration. All revelations impute *intentions* to God. Acts are done, observances enjoined, a providential plan pursued, for reasons which are explained. The cause of this is evident from our previous reasoning. As we have seen, all revelations profess to vindicate the ways of God to man; and it is impossible to do so effectually without declaring to us at least some of His motives and designs. It is most important to observe, that no analogy from nature can justify us in judging of these except by the standard of right or wrong which God has implanted within us. From external observation we learn nothing of God's intentions. The scheme is too large; the universe too unbounded: one phenomenon follows another, but, except in a few cases, and then very dubiously, we cannot tell which was created for which—which was the design—which the means—which the determining object, and which the subservient purpose. Even in the few cases in which we do impute such intentions, we do so because they seem to be in harmony with His moral character; they are not strictly proved, they are mere conjectures; and we should reject at once any that might seem to be ethically unworthy. But the case is different with a revelation which, from its own nature, unfolds ends and instruments in their due measure and their actual subordination, which develops an orderly system, and communicates hidden motives and unforeseen designs. A recent

writer, for example, thus defends certain apparent cruelties of the Old Testament by stating those of nature:—"God," he says, "sends his pestilence, and produces horrors on which imagination dare not dwell; horrors not only physical, but indirectly moral; often transforming man into something like the fiend so many say he can never become. He sends his famine, and thousands perish—men and women, and 'the child that knows not its right hand from its left'—in prolonged and frightful agonies. He opens the mouths of volcanoes and lakes; boils and fries the population of a whole city in torrents of burning lava, &c. &c."\*—with much else to the same purpose. But this must not be adduced in extenuation of anything of which the reasons are narrated; on the contrary, these last must be judged of by the moral faculties which are among God's highest gifts. To the infliction of pain, with an express view to what conscience tells us to be an unworthy object, outward nature does and can afford no parallel. She has no avowals; it is but from conjecture that we conceive her motives; her laws pass forward; the crush of her forces is upon us; like a child in a railway, we know not anything. The incomprehensible has no analogy to the explained; the mysterious to that on which the oracle has intelligibly spoken.

Lastly, for a similar reason it is impossible that there should be any analogy in nature for a precept from God opposed to the law of conscience. External nature gives no precept; our knowledge of our duty comes from within; the physical world is subordinate to our inward teaching; it is silent on points of morality. On the other hand, a revelation, supposing satisfactory means of attesting it were found, might possibly contain such a precept: the command to a father to sacrifice his son would, perhaps, be of that kind; the exception of Mahomet from any law of marriage would likewise be so. But there is no analogy for this sort of difficulty in nature: as we have observed, there can be no contradiction on such a point between outward nature and conscience; for the two do not speak on the same subject, nor deal with the same points. The supposed antagonism between the precept of conscience and the externally-commu-

\* Professor Rogers's "Defence of the 'Eclipse of Faith,'" p. 43. It is to be observed, we are not at all speaking of the facts of the Old Testament; we are but limiting the considerations on which the above writer has rested its defence.

nicated command of God, is essentially peculiar to revelation, which is the only outward communication of such commands. It is very painful to put such suppositions before the mind; but it is inherent in the nature of the subject. The topic of the difficulties and perplexities of man cannot, by any artifice of rhetoric, be rendered pleasing. In such a case, supposing there to be no difficulty of evidence in the case, it might be our duty to obey God even against conscience, from that assurance of his essential perfection which is the most certain attestation of conscience. But the existence of such a difficulty is in the highest degree improbable; it is one which ought only to be admitted on the completest proof and after the most rigid straining of evidence: it is, from the nature of the case, without a parallel in the common and unrevealed world.

To all these considerable objections, we think the argument of the "Analogy" is properly subject. We think in general that, according to every reasonable presumption, a revelation would not repeat the same difficulties as are to be found in nature, but would remove and explain them; that difficulties, which are of small importance in the natural world, on account of the smallness of its sphere and the brevity of its duration, become of insuperable magnitude when extended to infinity and eternity, when alleged to be co-extensive with the universe, and to be inherent in its scheme and structure; that, what is of less universal scope, but still of essential importance, nature offers no analogy to the ascription by any professed revelation of an unworthy intention to God, or the inculcation through it of an immoral precept on man.

It is impossible, then, by any such argument as this to remove from moral criticism the entire contents of any revelation. According to the more natural view, the unimpeachable morality of those contents is a most essential part of the evidence on which our belief must rest; and this seems to remain so, notwithstanding these refinements. On the other hand, we do not contend that the reasoning of the "Analogy" is wholly worthless. If Butler's argument had only been adduced to this extent; if it had only been argued that, though a revelation might be expected to explain some difficulties, it could not be expected to explain all; that a certain number would, from our ignorance and

unworthiness, still remain ; and these residuary difficulties would be of the same order, class, and kind, to which we were accustomed ; that the style of Providence, if one may so say, would be the same in the newly-communicated phenomena, as we had observed it to be in those we were familiar with before,—it would not have been necessary to question the soundness of the principle. No one would expect that there would be new difficulties introduced by a revelation ; what difficulties were found in it we should expect to be identical with those observed before in nature ; or, at least, to be similar to them, and likely to be explained in the same way by a more adequate knowledge of God's purposes. We should particularly expect the difficulties of revelation to be *like* those of nature, limited in time and range, not extending to the entire scheme of Providence, not diffused through infinity and eternity, not imputing evil intentions to God, not inculcating immoral precepts on man. We can hardly be said to expect to find difficulties in revelation at all : the utmost that seems probable, *à priori*, is, that it should leave unnoticed some of those of nature. Nevertheless, there is no violent, no overwhelming improbability in the fact of some perplexing points being contained in a communication from God ; we are so weak that, it may be, we cannot entirely understand the smallest intimation from the Infinite Being. And if difficulties are found there, they are, of course, less perplexing, when resembling those which we knew before, than if they be wholly distinct and new in kind. But this principle is, on the face of it, very different from the admission of an antecedent probability, that the same difficulties which are discoverable in nature would be all repeated and revived in a revelation.

The difference is seen very clearly by looking to the argument, which Butler's reasoning is intended to confute. Suppose a professed revelation to be laid before a person who was before unacquainted with it, and that he finds in it several perplexing points. According to Butler's principle, it is enough to reply, you have those same difficulties in nature before ; you cannot consistently object to them now ; they have not prevented your ascribing nature to a Divine Author ; they should not prevent you from ascribing to Him this revelation. Nature is so full of difficulties that almost every doctrine that has ever been attributed to revelation,

may be provided with a parallel more or less apt. It is consequently almost needless to criticise the contents of any alleged revelation, when we may be met so easily by such a reply. According to the doctrine which we have reiterated, it would be, perhaps, in some measure a difficulty that these perplexing points should be found in a revelation; but that difficulty would not amount to much, would not counter-balance strong evidence, if it could be shown that the system claiming to be revealed, although leaving these points unexplained, threw ample light on others; that what gave cause for perplexity was quite subordinate to what removed perplexity; that no immoral actions were enjoined on man; no unworthy motives imputed to God; no vice attributed to the whole scheme and plan of the Creator. There would, therefore, remain the largest scope for internal criticism on all systems claiming to be messages from God; on the very face they must seem worthy of Him: in their very essence they must seem good.

This is plainly the obvious view. The natural opinion certainly is that the moral and religious faculties would be those on which we should primarily depend, in judging of an alleged communication from heaven; in deciding whether it have a valid claim to that character or no. These faculties are those which, antecedently to revelation, determine our belief in all other moral and religious questions, and it is therefore natural to look to them as the best judges of the authenticity of an alleged revelation. Many divines, however, struggle to deny this. Thus, in the memoir of Butler which has been quoted before, Mr. Rogers observes,—

“The immortal ‘Analogy’ has probably done more to silence the objections of infidelity than any other ever written from the earliest ‘apologies’ downwards. It not only most critically met the spirit of unbelief in the author’s own day, but is equally adapted to meet that which *chiefly* prevails in all time. In every age, some of the principal, perhaps *the* principal, objections to the Christian Revelation, have been those which men’s *preconceptions* of the Divine character and administration—of what God *must* be, and of what God *must* do—have suggested against certain facts in the sacred history, or certain doctrines it reveals. To show the objector, then, (supposing him to be a theist, as nine-tenths of all such objectors have been,) that the very same or similar difficulties are found in the structure of the universe and the divine adminis-

tration of it, is to wrest every *such* weapon completely from his hands, if he be a fair reasoner and remain a theist at all. He is bound, by strict logical obligation, either to show that the parallel difficulties do *not* exist, or to show how he can solve them, while he *cannot* solve those of the Bible. In default of doing either of these things, he ought either to renounce all *such* objections to Christianity, or abandon theism altogether. It is true, therefore, that though Butler leaves the alternative of atheism open, he hardly leaves any other alternative to nine-tenths of the theists who have objected to Christianity."

And there is a perpetual reiteration in the "Eclipse of Faith" of the same argument. In fact, so far as the latter work has a distinct principle, this may be said to be that principle. The answer is, that the proof of all "revelation" itself rests on a "preconception" respecting the Divine character, and that, if we assume the truth of that one "preconception," we must not reject any others which may be found to have the same evidence. We refer, of course, to the assumption of God's veracity; which can only be proved by arguments which, if admitted, would likewise justify our attributing to Him all other perfect virtues. It is evident that a doubt as to this attribute is not only impious in itself, but quite destructive of all confidence in any communication which may be received from Him. And yet, on what evidence does its acceptance rest? It cannot be said to be demonstrated by what scientific men call "natural theology." Competent and careful persons examine the material world, the structure of animals and plants, the courses of the planets, the muscles of man, and they find there a great preponderance of benevolence. They show, with great labour and great merit, that the Being who arranged this universe is, on the whole, a benevolent Being; but does it follow that He will tell the truth? "In crossing a heath," says Paley, "suppose I pitched my foot against a stone, and were asked how the stone came to be there, I might possibly answer, that, for anything I knew to the contrary, it had lain there for ever; nor would it, perhaps, be very easy to show the absurdity of this answer: but, suppose I had found a *watch* on the ground, and it should be inquired how the watch came to be in that place, I should hardly think of the answer which I had before given, that, for anything I knew, it had been always there." And he shows, with his usual power,

that this watch was, in all likelihood, made by a watchmaker. There is nothing cleverer, perhaps, in argumentative writing, than the way in which that argument is stated and pointed. But what evidence is there that the watchmaker was *veracious*? The amplest evidence of the most refined designs, the minutest examination of the most complex contrivances, do not go one hair's breadth to establish any such conclusion. Nor can it be shown that the virtue of veracity is identical with, or consequent on, the virtue of simple benevolence. We know well in common life that there are such things as pleasing falsehoods, and that such things exist as disagreeable truths. A person (what we ordinarily call a good-natured person), whose only motive is simple benevolence, will constantly assert the first and deny the second. In its application to religion this tendency cannot be illustrated without suppositions which it is painful even to make; but yet they must be made for a moment, or the necessary argument must be left incomplete. Suppose, what is doubtless true, that the belief in a "future state," even if false, contributes to the temporal happiness of man in this world; that it does more to enlarge his hopes, stimulate his imagination, and alleviate his sorrows, than any one other consideration; that it contributes to the order of society and the progress of civilisation; that it is, as some one says, "the last restraint of the powerful, and the last hope of the wretched." It will clearly follow that a Being whose only motive was benevolence, who admitted no higher consideration, who looked steadily and solely to our mere happiness, would endeavour to instil that belief although it were quite untrue, would not think that *that* had anything to do with the question, would not hesitate to make a false revelation to confirm men in a belief so pleasant, so advantageous, so consolatory. Perhaps this supposition drives the argument home. We see that it is necessary for us to admit a "preconception" as to the character of God before we can even begin to prove the truth of a revelation; that we *must* reason of "what God *must* be and God *must* do," before we show that there is even a presumption in favour of any facts, or any doctrines, which are revealed in the "sacred history."

We have hinted, in an earlier part of this Essay, that this doctrine of God's veracity seems to us to rest on the

general assumption of the existence of a "perfect" being, who rules and controls all things. It is, perhaps, the Divine attribute of which it is most difficult to find a trace in nature. Of His omnipotence, justice, benevolence, we cannot, indeed, find absolute proof; for we believe that those attributes are infinite, and we can only prove them strictly with respect to the finite and very circumscribed world which we see and know. Yet, at the same time, we discern indications and strong probabilities, that the Ruler of the world possesses these attributes; we can hardly be said to be able to do this with His veracity. The speechlessness of nature, if we may again so speak, deprives us of any such evidence. We can never *prove* from experience any being to be infinite, for our experience itself is essentially small and finite. We can often, however, as in the instance of the attributes of God above enumerated, and of others which might be added, establish by observation that the qualities in question exist, in a certain degree, and we have only to rely on the principle of faith for our belief that these qualities exist in a perfect and supreme degree. In the case of the Divine veracity, it should seem that we believe it to exist in a perfect and infinite degree, without, from the peculiarity of our circumstances, being able to fortify it by any test or trial from experience.

It is necessary in these times that there should be a distinct understanding as to this matter. Such writers as the author of the "Eclipse of Faith," perpetually strive to justify what they think the difficulties of revelation, by insinuating—we might say inculcating—a scepticism as to the religious faculties and conscience of man. These faculties are at one time said to be "depraved;" once they were trustworthy, but man is fallen from that high estate; he can only now believe what is announced to him externally. But how can we then rely on those "depraved" faculties for our belief in the truthfulness of the Being who announces these things? At another time all the horrid superstitions, all the immoral rites, all the wretched aberrations of savage and licentious nations, are enumerated, displayed, inculcated, in order to convince us that these faculties give no certain information. We will not quote the passages. We do not like to read hard attacks even on the worst side of human nature; we cannot, like some, gloat upon such details. The

argument is plain without any painful accuracy. How can you believe in the "intuition" of the Divine justice, when the Hindoo says this? How in that of his Holiness, when the Papuan accepts that impurity? But this is no defence for revelation. The writers who exult in such errors because they think they can use them in their logic, are really cutting away the substratum of argument from under them. The veracity of God has not been accepted by all nations any more than his justice. In many times and countries He has been thought to inspire falsehoods, to put a "lying spirit" in the mouths of men, to deceive them to their destruction. Agamemnon's dream is but the type of a whole class of legends imputing untrue revelations to the gods. If we liked such work, we might prove, perhaps, that there is no man on the earth whose ancestors have not believed the like. And what then? Why, we can only answer that, debased, depraved, imperfect as they may be, these faculties are our all. It is on them that we depend for life, and breath, and all things. We must believe our heart and conscience, or we shall believe nothing. We *must* believe that God cannot lie, or we must renounce all that our highest and innermost nature most cleaves to; but if we go so far, we must go further—we cannot believe in God's veracity and deny the intuition of his justice—we know that He is pure on the same ground that we know that He is true. If an alleged revelation contradict this justice or this purity, we must at once deny that it can have proceeded from Him.

We have not thought it necessary to complicate this discussion with any inquiry as to the argumentative efficacy of the external media of revelation. Butler regarded the evidence of miracle as intuitive, but he has nowhere discussed or analysed the subject. The preceding disquisition concedes the possibility of such media, and is designed to show what a revelation verified by such media might, to the best of our judgment, be expected to contain.

It may occur to some of our readers as singular that so great a writer as Butler should have put forward the doctrines which we have seen to be contained in the "Analogy." It will even be urged, in opposition to our view of the subject, that it is very unlikely that so great a thinker can have fallen into such errors. In fact, however, it may be answered that the very error is characteristic of him.

A mind such as Butler's was formerly described to be, is very apt to be prone to over refinement. A thinker of what was there called the picturesque order, has a vision, a picture of the natural view of the subject. Those certainties and conclusions, those doubts and difficulties, which occur on the surface, strike him at once; he sees with his mind's eye some conspicuous instance in which those certainties are all realised, and those doubts all suggested. Some great typical fact remains delineated before his mind, and is a perpetual answer to all hypotheses which strive to explain it away. But an unimaginative thinker has no such assistance; he has no pictures or instances in his mind; he works by a process like an accountant, and like an accountant he is dependent on the correctness with which he works. He begins with a principle and reasons from it; and if any error have crept either into the deduction or into the principle, he has not any means of detecting it. His mind does not yield, as with more fertile fancies, a stock of instances on which to verify his elaborate conclusions. Accordingly he is apt to say he has explained a difficulty, when in reality he has but refined it away.

A curious example of this occurs, we think, in the chapter of the "Analogy" devoted to a "Future Life." The obvious opinion is, that the analogies of our physical constitution are opposed to this tenet. We observe a race of beings possessing a certain material organisation; so long as this physical organisation lasts, they continue to display certain mental and spiritual phenomena—when that organisation is broken up, those mental phenomena instantly cease. The natural inference from these facts is, that the mental phenomena are connected by ties of cause and effect with the corporeal organisation; and it is generally thought necessary to rebut those inferences by counteractive arguments derived from our religious and spiritual nature. The very sight of a dead body seems to suggest the difficulty, and the picture of it in the imagination would keep alive that obvious view in the mind of a man who had that faculty. It looks, so to say, as if there were no mind. Butler, however, has, by a refined and difficult argument, persuaded himself that the physical analogy is quite the other way. He thinks that he can not only answer the obvious argument, but even turn the grounds of it to his own purposes. It is difficult to give concisely

the full force of his ingenious reasoning. He divides it under several heads: 1st, "That we have no way of determining by experience what is the certain bulk of the living being each man calls himself; and yet till it be determined that it is larger in bulk than the solid elementary particles of matter, which there is no reason to think any natural power can dissolve, there is no sort of reason to think death to be the dissolution of it, of the living being, even though it should not be absolutely indiscernible,"—a remark in which few will see much force. Secondly, he alleges that the fact of the corporeal particles of our bodies having changed, as they do change some three times in our lives, is an argument that, as we have survived that change, we shall likewise survive the change of death; to which the reply surely is, that death, whatever may be its nature (which is awfully mysterious), is, on the face of it, a different change from a mere alteration in the component particles of the body; for it manifestly alters the whole arrangement or structure of the organisation itself. According to the simile, it is the difference between changing the individuals of a regiment, and breaking up the regiment itself. And also we might say that it produces, as one might expect from its different nature, different effects. The change at death is accompanied by a total cessation of apparent mental life. The alteration of the particles in our bodies does not in the least alter our mental condition. The obvious difference between the two would lead us to anticipate from them different results, and experience confirms the anticipation. Thirdly, he adds that the organs of the body, the eye, and the ear, and the limbs, for example, are but instruments of a certain active power, and that we do not feel that the loss of one or more of such organs is a cessation of that power; many of the organs, as in the instance of an artificial leg, can be supplied by mental invention: and he infers that we can, in the same way, be supplied after death with a wholly different set of such organs. But the question is, whether that active power itself be not dependent on that vital organisation with which, in our experience, it is always connected; we know that the manifestation of it is so connected, and why should we not think that the existence begins and ends with the manifestation? The loss of a limb does not destroy the corporeal vital energy; the mind, consequently, remains unaffected; a

mortal wound does affect it, and the apparent energy of the mind ceases exactly at the same instant with the animation of the body. Lastly, he adds that some of our faculties, that of the reason, for example, seem to be less than others, connected with the body which accompanies them. That we should cease to see when we cease to have eyes seems reasonable; that we should cease to think does not seem so. Yet this remark, like the former, is liable to the observation that the reasoning faculty is as dependent, in our experience, on the entire body as the seeing faculty is; that its manifestations often decrease with, and always cease at the same time with, the outward vital energy.

On the whole, the question is, as was said, identical with that suggested at once by the comparison of the dead body with the living one. What reason have we for thinking the mind itself continues when its accompanying manifestations cease? What we know is gone; who shall assure us that what is unknown remains? This inquiry can only be answered by moral and religious reasonings. It is not to the purpose to enumerate other changes of a different nature after which those manifestations do not cease. The picture of the difficulty in the mind would, we think, have prevented an imaginative reasoner from acquiescing in such an elaborate mode of argument. In the same way we believe that the characteristic errors of the "Analogy" would have been corrected by a more vivid apprehension and more acute retention of the impression commonly first made by the subject.

But there is likewise a deeper sense in which the argument of the "Analogy" is, even in its least valuable portions, characteristic of Butler. It may be said that, on such subjects, the minds most likely to hold right opinions are exactly those most likely to advance wrong arguments in support of them. The opinions themselves are suggested and supported by deep and strong feelings, which it is painful to analyse, and not easy to describe. The real and decisive arguments for those opinions are little save a rational analysis and acute delineation of those feelings. It will necessarily follow that the mind most prone to delineate and analyse that part of itself will be most likely to succeed in the argumentative exposition of these topics; and this is not likely to be the mind which feels those emotions with the greatest intensity. The very keenness of these feelings

makes them painful to touch ; their depth, difficult to find : constancy, too, is liable to disguise them. The mind which always feels them will, so to speak, be less conscious of them than one which is only visited by them at long and rare intervals. Those who know a place or a person best are not those most likely to describe it best ; their knowledge is so familiar that they cannot bring it out in words. A deep, steady under-current of strong feeling is precisely what affects men's highest opinions most, and exactly what prevents men from being able adequately to describe them. In the absence of the delineative faculty, without the power to state their true reasons, minds of this deep and steadfast class are apt to put up with reasons which lie on the surface. They are caught by an appearance of fairness, affect a dry and intellectual tone, endeavour to establish their conclusions without the premises which are necessary,—without mention of the grounds on which, in their own minds, they really rest. The very heartfelt confidence of Butler in Christianity was perhaps the cause of his supporting it with the reasons which we have shown to be erroneous.

It seems odd to say, and yet it is true, that the power of the "Analogy," is in its rhetoric. The ancient writers on that art made a distinction between modes of persuasion which lay in the illustrative and argumentative efficacy of what was said, and a yet more subtle kind which seemed to reside in the manner and disposition of the speaker himself. In the first class, as has been before remarked, no writer of equal eminence is so defective as Butler ; his thoughts, if you take each one singly, seem to lose a good deal from the feeble and hesitating manner in which they are stated. And yet, if you read any considerable portion of his writings, you become sensible of a strong disinclination to disagree with him. A strong anxiety first to find the truth, and next to impart it—an evident wish not to push arguments too far—a clear desire not to convince men except by reasonable arguments of true opinions, characterises every feeble word and halting sentence. Nothing is laid down to dazzle or arouse. It is assumed that the reader wants to know what is true, as much as the writer does to tell it. Very possibly this may not be the highest species of religious author. The vehemence and ecstatic temperament, the bold assertion, the ecstatic energy of men like St. Augustine or St. Paul, burns,

so to speak, into the minds and memories of men, and remain there at once and for ever. Such men excel in the broad statement of great truths which flash at once with vivid evidence on the minds which receive them. The very words seem to glow with life; and even the sceptical reader is half awakened by them to a kindred and similar warmth. Such are the men who move the creeds of mankind, and stamp a likeness of themselves on ages that succeed them. But there is likewise room for a quieter class, who partially state arguments, elaborate theories, appreciate difficulties, solve doubts; who do not expect to gain a hearing from the many—who do not cry in the streets or lift their voice from the hill of Mars—who address quiet and lonely thinkers like themselves, and are well satisfied if a single sentence in all their writings remove one doubt from the mind of any man. Of these was Butler. *Requiescat in pace*, for it was peace that he loved.

## ART. VI.—NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the First and Second Centuries.* M. A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1854.

THERE is scarcely any writer of the present day who so thoroughly forgets himself in pouring out the fulness of his mind and heart as Mr. Maurice; and, therefore, there is no theologian who keeps so living or constant a hold of his divine relations while his face is turned to the world. Many theologians, we trust, have living spiritual relations, who yet seem quite to pass out of them when they give their testimony to the world. Their intellect then assumes the task of defending their belief; they forget, because they no longer occupy, the natural posture of faith, and are mainly concerned to shield *themselves* from the charges to which they are most exposed. Most theology is written when men are only *remembering* the belief of higher moods; and therefore it is so worthless. Few men of our own day have been more exposed to this danger than Mr. Maurice, few men have had more occasion to think of others' sayings about them, and none have surmounted it with greater and more Christian simplicity. When we remember the occasion which gave rise to the publication of this delightful volume, and then turn to its pages, so simple, modest, and rich in wisdom, so entirely occupied with its theme, so deep in its insight, and so complete and manly a continuation of the noble expositions of faith which the writer has been delivering throughout many years, without any shrinking from past convictions, without any sign of irritation, or even of scrupulous anxiety in alluding to them, we can only feel that the Principal of a College has seldom had so great an opportunity for self-sacrifice in rejecting invaluable aid as Dr. Jelf; and though we would not deny that a certain narrow kind of conscientiousness may have been in part at the root of his motives, we must fear that the Pharisaic eagerness with which he strains out such a gnat may result in his occasionally swal-

lowing a camel invisible to eyes so completely blinded by dogmatic zeal.

We have never read any work of Mr. Maurice's which exhibits all his peculiar powers in so favourable a light. No one who knows him will expect to find here any discussion on the antiquities of his subject. This volume is an attempt to gather up the history of the Christian Church during the first two centuries in the light of a double personality, to understand the individual characteristics of the more prominent human agents, and to place their efforts side by side with the divine purpose which they were striving or failing to promote; and we have read nothing in ecclesiastical history of more stirring interest. We have sometimes thought that Mosheim's and other books on the subject must have been written to show how dull humanity becomes when it is parcelled out into orthodoxies, and heresies, and institutions—how completely "Fathers" succeeded in being childish and exacting, and disguising from posterity what their real human interests were. Gibbon, much as he is praised for his historical impartiality, does not succeed in writing about *men*. He is far too condescending for that. He did not wish to exhibit peoples' characters, but rather to use them and their attitudes in his striking pictures. Consequently, if a Christian Father were foolish, he sketched him in as a simpleton; if proud, he caught the picturesque gesture of arrogance; he never cared to make us see how he came to be this or that, how his character hung together. Mr. Maurice does. Even where he writes of the dulllest and most abstract ravings of those strangely-speculative Syrian Gnostics, he never leaves us without a clue to the possible connection between their cloud-pedigrees and real human cravings and convictions. Everything he touches becomes human in his hands; and though he is often obliged to pass with a mere glance—a sentence and nothing more—he generally contrives in that sentence to pierce the dry crust of mere chronicle, and so give a glimpse of interior life behind. Of course, there is something hazardous in this. The spring touched may not always be the true one; yet even then it is *truer* than none at all, for it at least reanimates our faith in the real existence of a human interior to all those historical "old clothes" which the mere antiquarians only sort and smooth. To make students of ecclesiastical

history see that these strange doubts and reasonings were human, and not so unlike what might be entertained now, is far more important than the next step of showing how they were actually related to the individual minds of the thinkers of that day. The only sketches in which there were any materials for much historical accuracy, are those of Clemens Alexandrinus and Tertullian. Both are of considerable interest, particularly in their contrast. Clement has all the charity, the breadth of thought, and the depth of personal faith which Mr. Maurice is most accustomed to admire; Tertullian all the arrogance of manner, the tendency to substitute opinions for living trust, and then to regard those opinions as personal property, which Mr. Maurice is most accustomed to fear and shun. Nevertheless, his sketch is not ungenial; and while he holds up the distinguishing moral features of Tertullian's character as a theologian as a warning to others, he shows so delicately the probable nexus between his character and thoughts, how one thing led to another, how even his deeper moral yearnings, when uncombined with humility, would lead him to what he was, that it is impossible to regard the picture as overcoloured by the slightest tinge of prejudice.

The volume, too, is threaded and connected by the clear unity of subject which ecclesiastical history has to Mr. Maurice's mind. It is the history of God's calling to man, and how men have answered or refused to hear the call. It begins with the call of Abraham, and after running for a while through a chronicle of family life, opens out into the call of a nation through the mission of Moses. That nation is called to be a witness to all other nations that they too are servants of the same God, and receive from Him all the true light and life they have. When they become jealous, and wish to pride themselves on their exclusive calling, they forget their call, which is to refer *all* power and good to God, not only in themselves, but amongst other nations,—to claim *all* for Him, not to be desirous of retaining possession for themselves. Mr. Maurice briefly traces the history of the called nation through the times when they thought only of the dignity which their calling gave them, not of its meaning and its Author, up to the time when the Divine Word came to claim his own—to assert his universal kingdom, and to extend, therefore, to the whole human race the

consciousness of a calling at the moment when his entrance into our human nature conferred also the full power to obey. The Christian Church Mr. Maurice regards simply as those men *anxious to claim* the privilege which God really gave to all, through his Son, of partaking in his nature, and acting as his children. He considers that the Christian Church has then been most faithful to its calling, when it has announced to men that they are already regenerate through the incarnation of Christ—that they have only to put in their claim in order to be aware that they have been new-born. Mr. Maurice is convinced that the Church has been unfaithful to her mission whenever she has regarded her own members as a special class, who monopolise the benefit of Christ's life and death,—whenever she has not maintained that the whole human race has been equally affected by the great fact of the incarnation, and that all the work that is left for her children is to make others *aware* of the benefit they have received.

In this spirit he passes rapidly through the second century of Church history, referring the growth of an exclusive sacerdotal polity at Rome, as, indeed, of everything exclusive, to the same central evil—the desire to possess and have distinctly marked out as special privileges Christian functions whose only value lay in the faith which they expressed. He does not deny that the growth of order in the Church would have naturally required and ensured the distribution of duties; but he sees in the grasping spirit of the class that was striving for recognition in the Church, in the opposition of those who refused it, that these official lines of demarcation owed their origin to a forgetfulness of the only real Christian privilege—faith in the person of their Lord. Again, all the failures of the Church in converting the heathen, he attributes to the same cause—the unsuccessful solicitude of the apologists—the false pride of the ascetics—the eagerness after Christian miracles—the disposition to anticipate a millennium—the urgent desire to consolidate the Church's external power,—these, and all other sources of weakness and failure, he traces to the wish to claim for themselves that they were a favoured community, to point to the advantages they possessed, to lay their hand on some private token of their salvation, and their superiority to other men. So long as the Church restricted itself to de-

claring Christ as the natural and revealed king of all men's hearts, so long, he thinks, she appealed to an inward testimony that was overwhelming. Directly she began to think of herself, either to limit his revelation to the forms of her own intellect, like the Gnostics, or to make it subservient to her own legislative authority, like the Romans, or to make his grace a subject of self-congratulation, like the seekers after martyrdom and many of the apologists—she struck the wrong note, and even if she made converts, she failed to make Christians.

Our readers can easily conceive how gracious and catholic an estimate both of the Church and the world this pervading conviction enables Mr. Maurice to give to his book. After making all allowance for some difference in the intellectual forms of thought under which we accept the same deep beliefs, we cannot, however, but think that the truth which Mr. Maurice is always preaching, that God *has* regenerated all men in Christ, that they only need to perceive and confess it, is not quite a faithful description of spiritual facts. He is afraid of the exclusiveness and pride that are risked in admitting any line of distinction, visible or invisible, between what God has done for those who confess Him, and what He has done for others. And we earnestly believe with Mr. Maurice, that there is nothing special on God's part, that his love is equal to all. But surely, a certain willingness to receive his influence, on the part of man, is a condition of that regeneration, and it cannot in strict truth be said, that men are spiritually new-born, who have not yet surrendered themselves into his hands. That God is equally waiting for them and soliciting their consciences—that it is no mark of special distinction or favour to participate in his spirit—must be true; but the favourite formula of the new Arminian school, that Christ has regenerated the whole race, that it only remains to the sinner to *know* himself as regenerate, seems to us to confound the most real moral distinctions, in rather a dangerous manner. Surely it was, and is, the mission of the Church, to preach to the world that God is *seeking* to regenerate us all, not that He *has* done so.

We must repeat that this is a charming book, and is, we trust, the first volume of a permanently valuable work. Though it does not enter into the learned lore of those antiquarian discussions usually associated with the subject, it

promises to gather together the deeper biographical elements of ecclesiastical history, and to give them unity of treatment by grouping them with reference to the great unchanging purposes of the Christian Church. Though we should often use different forms of expression from Mr. Maurice, we doubt if there are many living theologians who have realised those purposes so vividly and truly, or at least who keep them ever before their spirit with so faithful and tenacious a grasp.

*The Belief of the First Three Centuries concerning Christ's Mission to the Underworld.* By Frederick Huidekoper. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Co. 1854.

This Essay, like the preceding work, relates to the early history of the Christian Church, but is of a totally different kind. It only attempts to discuss the general opinion in the Church during the first three centuries on one particular tenet—Christ's descent into Hell. It is, however, a learned and valuable Essay, and by its rich quotations from the Fathers, gives those who have no time for reference to the original works, a ready means of testing the calibre, and seeing the mould of thought peculiar to the early Christian apologists. Mr. Huidekoper cites Irenæus, Ignatius (not satisfactorily, however), and Tertullian, to prove that, in their view, Christ descended to the Underworld between his crucifixion and resurrection, in order to make the Patriarchs and Prophets of the Old Covenant, and only these, partakers in the advantages of his Gospel. The more liberal Fathers, on the other hand, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and perhaps even Cyprian, believed that Christ descended thither to extend to *all* the dead of past ages the privilege of believing in his Gospel; Origen believing that they were prepared for his mission, by the previous descent of the Jewish prophets. It seems to have been the general belief, that the reception of Christ's Gospel exempted from the necessity of passing through the Underworld, except that Tertullian characteristically asserts that only Christian martyrs were thus exempted; while the heretic Marcion, who disliked the Old Testament, discovered that Christ released many *Gentiles* by his preaching, but that Moses and the Prophets perversely refused to believe.

Some of the Fathers further believed that Satan, or Death, was the Lord of this Underworld, and that Christ descended thither to break his power. Origen conceived that Satan did not recognise Jesus as the Son of God, and that Christ carefully concealed his own divine nature from him, that Satan might consent to receive Him into the Underworld, and so give Him the opportunity of rending his power. And this opinion appears to have been shared by Irenæus. There is needless repetition and clumsy arrangement in this little book. The author's great purpose is to exhibit a fresh argument for the early origin of our Gospels, by showing how free they are from a doctrine, which orthodox and heretic alike universally received early in the second century. It was even a stumbling-block to some, that Christ spoke of being with the penitent thief on the day of his crucifixion in Paradise, when he was really going into the Underworld. Mr. Huidekoper argues, that no Gospels would have been written or selected later than the first century, without containing express reference to this universally-accepted mission of Christ to the dead.

*The Essence of Christianity.* By Ludwig Feuerbach. Translated from the second German Edition. By Marian Evans. London: John Chapman. 1854.

This book is an attempt to show that actual Humanity really worships possible Humanity—that Humanity as it is reverences Humanity as it hopes it to be—attributing to its own glorified image the vague attributes of omnipotence, omniscience, and eternal duration. We can well imagine a mind driven painfully by intellectual defect, into accepting, for a time, with dread, and yet with firm determination to look its conclusion thoroughly in the face, the conviction that Man is his own Providence, and that there is no love behind the stern monotony of Physical Law. Such men we are sure there are. But this does not seem to us like the book of such a man. Feuerbach does not sound the depths of his own dreary system. He trifles with it on the surface, and writes chapter after chapter of cold theory to prove that this is what man has always been seeking after, that it satisfies all our wants, and covers all our deeper convictions.

We could feel the veracity and understand the broken spirit of a thinker who said boldly—"All hearts ask after a Lord and Father; but all minds come back either deluded, or foiled and wearied from the fruitless search; let us face the truth that there is no God." We can have no sympathy with one who tries to persuade us—generally with calm indifference, sometimes with positive levity of manner—that the human race is the only God man has ever desired or conceived.

Feuerbach explains, with more apparent solicitude for his theory than for the faith he would uproot, how Divine attributes are nothing but human attributes referred to an imaginary inhabitant of space. The *attributes* are real, but belong to *us*, the *personality* is fanciful altogether. Thus because human reason can alone *explain* the world, itself, and its own laws, all other things are dependent on reason for their explanation, but reason is dependent only on itself. Hence we take reason as the type of the *Absolute*, and fancy falsely that it alone can have *originated* that which it alone can explain. Feuerbach does not notice that reason, at best, only reduces complex streams of mystery to simpler streams of mystery quite as deep, and is really so far from explaining anything, that the simplest act of living will, the simplest springs of life, are quite unfathomable to it. In like manner Feuerbach declares that in the act of *recognising* moral obligation, man gives evidence that the goodness he contemplates is internal, not external. How could he recognise the divine law as sacred if his own natural goodness were not its spring? Of course this indicates a confusion, which runs through the whole book, between the moral knowledge of what is right and the practical achievement of it. We do not even perceive the sanctity of moral obligation, until we are aware of some being above us actually fulfilling it, living as we *ought* to live. Our conscience is roused by a higher life, and might remain at the same point, for ever, without its presence. Feuerbach goes on to maintain that the greatness of human suffering has given rise to the belief in an incarnated Deity,—that the vividness and sacredness of human emotion alone suggests the idea of One who could and would at once enact the purer desires of our hearts. This, too, is said to be the secret of the belief in the Creator. Baffled by the stern laws of the physical creation, man makes up to

himself for their inexorability by regarding them as the mere results of an arbitrary act of volition on the part of a Being like himself, and tries to persuade himself that, after all, they are only a mushroom growth produced for human benefit, and to be withdrawn directly the occasion for them is past. In other words, the self-love of man contradicts his reason, and while the latter regards the Universe as absolute order and beauty, the former would believe it made and abrogated only for the sake of human advantage. It is here clear that Feuerbach wishes to trace the faith in Providence and a Supernatural Will to a *morally despicable* source, while he wishes to trace the belief in absolute Order and Immutability to a *worthy* part of the human mind. Accordingly he accuses the Hebrew faith of being a purely selfish view of God as a useful Being at the moral disposal of Israel. We believe, on the contrary, nay, we know, that the Hebrew faith in a moral Providence is born in a much *higher* part of the mind than that of the Greek faith in the pervading beauty and harmony of creation, which Feuerbach so much exalts, and which, indeed, cannot be too carefully cherished. We have thus briefly indicated the method and a few central thoughts in this painful book. We may truly say that we have seldom read a book that so helplessly struggles to cover intractable moral realities with the shreds of a meagre theory, nay, that is so blind to the discrepancy between the two. One effort to resist temptation, one single true glimpse of the deeper life, and the whole painfully-spun fabric is rent into miserable tatters, which could clothe no man's thought, however narrow. None could fancy this theory real except in some utterly dead and torpid mood, when everything seems as barren and desolate as Atheism itself. Only let any one think what was really passing in the mind of the man who wrote, "If I go up into heaven, Thou art there. If I go down to hell, Thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, 'Peradventure the darkness shall cover me,' then shall my night be turned to day; yea, the darkness is no darkness with Thee, but the night is clear as the day; the darkness and the light to Thee are both alike," and he will be in no danger of believing that this book contains the

essence of any Religion, false or true—much less the essence of Christianity.

*Synonyms of the New Testament.* Being the Substance of a Course of Lectures addressed to the Theological Students of King's College, London. By Richard Chenevix Trench, B.D. London: J. W. Parker. 1854.

The theological students of King's College have had the benefit of no common teachers. With Mr. Maurice to realise for them the living moral history of the past, and Mr. Trench's rare and delicate scholarship to draw the finer lines of theological distinction, and to indicate the light traces which moral experience leaves upon language, they were likely to have a higher standard held up to them, both of moral and intellectual realism, than, perhaps, has fallen to the lot of any other theological school in the Church of England. They have lost Mr. Maurice. Let us hope that they may contrive to retain the services of Mr. Trench, whose more cautious style of thought, and whose pleasure in refined scholarship, is not so likely to alarm the faithful theological sentinel who paces the narrow rounds of the College classes, by venturing outside the ordinary limits of the *regulation* theology. This is a most valuable book on a subject of great interest; and, moreover, one on which nothing good has yet been written in English. Mr. Trench's interest in the distinctions of language is on the *human* rather than on the scientific side. He loves to trace up its delicate variations to the variable realities which language expresses. Those words of the New Testament which seem to be *nearly* convertible are very numerous, and, of course, only a few (not by any means all even of the most important) are here treated. But those few are handled with a skill and learning that gives the deepest interest to the book even to the minds of very indifferent scholars. We have had already occasion to extract a valuable specimen of this book in our previous article on Bishop Butler. Sometimes Mr. Trench's theological system—sometimes his natural love of subtle distinctions—seem to us to lead him into over-refinement. Thus where he maintains that the *παλιγγενεσία* is the "regeneration" which takes place "once for all" through

baptism into Christ, whilst the *ανακαίνωσις* is the "spiritual renewal" which needs to be repeated continually in order to perfect the work which the "regeneration" only begins, he draws an Anglican distinction of which St. Paul has left us no trace. Nothing can be clearer to us than that, in the passage from the Epistle to Titus (iii. 5), which Mr. Trench cites in illustration of his view, the *ἀνακαίνωσις πνεύματος ἁγίου* is the *explanation* of the previous phrase *παλιγγενεσία*, not an intimation of some ulterior process; and again, where St. Paul uses the word *ανακαινούμενον* (Col. iii. 10), there is no kind of reason to suppose that some yet *more* radical change (some *παλιγγενεσία*) must have preceded the quite radical change of which he is there speaking. There is the same sort of over-subtlety in Mr. Trench's assertion, that *ἔλεος* (compassion) has reference in the Divine mind to human *misery*, while *χάρις* (grace) is extended to human *sin*. The latter, no doubt, is a specific word having reference only to the Divine help in temptation; the former seems to be a generic word which expresses God's sentiment towards both misery and sin (Tit. iii. 5). Notwithstanding these traces of theological over-refining, this book is both instructive and delightful; quite equal to Mr. Trench's former essays on kindred subjects, and the result of a deeper investigation.

*Cambridge University Transactions during the Puritan Controversies of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.*

Collected by James Heywood, M.P., F.R.S., F.S.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., Hon. M.R.S., and Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1854.

The constitution and government of our national universities have lately occupied so much more general public attention than had previously been the case, that any works tending to throw additional light on the history of the present system of university discipline, will be acceptable in many quarters. Even those who are most prejudiced against the views with which Mr. Heywood's name is now inseparably connected, will be ready to admit the industry and zeal

with which he has collected, arranged, and elucidated some of the most valuable of the documents which exhibit the theory and practical working of the old university training. By others, who with ourselves rejoice at the prospect of an enlarged sphere of usefulness for the great schools of Oxford and Cambridge, these volumes will be received with a proportionate amount of interest and gratification. It is true that twelve hundred pages of print—a portion of them, too, couched in the Latin tongue—may alarm the average surface-skimmer of books from more than a glance at the title-page; but for the gratification of such worthy indolent persons, do there not exist our larger quarterlies, rich in stores of language and style, wherewith to reproduce the editor's labours in a form more suitable to feeble palates? Those, however, who can appreciate the opportunity afforded of perusing the original documents for themselves, will not be sorry that Messrs. Heywood and Wright have sacrificed to this consideration some of the direct popularity of their work.

The volumes, perhaps, hardly sufficiently realise the expectations held out by the title, of an insight into the Puritan Controversies within the University of Cambridge. We speak, of course, with reference to the scale of the work, and without meaning to imply that there are not included several valuable contributions to the history of Puritanism. We only think that rather too much space has been given to other and minor details of university life—at least, with the *special* character of the present title-page. We are supplied, however, with one thing, too often wanting in works of this kind, an excellent index of contents, which enables us easily to disengage the general thread of the "argument" from the less relevant matters with which it is mixed up.

At the commencement of the first volume, the editors have introduced at full length the "Statutes of the Rev. Dr. Whitgift, Master of Trinity College, given to the University of Cambridge by the authority of Queen Elizabeth, A.D. 1570." These statutes, aimed directly at the Puritanism prevalent in the university, and which, under the leadership of the celebrated Cartwright, had proceeded so far as to set up a complete platform of Presbyterian discipline, gave rise to prolonged disputes, accusations and counter-accusations,

and consequent investigations and judgments in the different colleges, which make up a large part of the succeeding pages. Lord Burghley and the Vice-Chancellor, the heads of houses, and the proctors, the corporation of Cambridge, Dr. Whitaker, Master of St. John's College, and divers other notabilities, are conspicuous in these transactions. Puritanical heresies and Papistical heresies among the fellows and preachers—excess in apparel and disorderly life among the students—"town and gown" jealousies and mutual interferences—all these have to be dealt with primarily by the Vice-Chancellor, and ultimately by the unfortunate Lord Burghley. Take, as an example, a portentous heading in the index to this first volume:—"Mr. Digby suspected to be of corrupt religion; he refuses to communicate; speaks dangerously of the Low Countries and Sir Francis Drake; and is guilty of open contempt of the master, president, and government of St. John's College." Or the following:—"Complaint against the mayor, that he was the occasion of the contention between the university and the town; petition of the university for quietness with the town; refusal of the mayor to invite the Vice-Chancellor and the heads to the mayor's and bailiff's feast; his contemptuous behaviour on taking of the mayor's oath; and his arrogance and pride." Heavy, and far too lengthy for extract, are the counter-charges of the mayor and corporation against the university. Now and then we have a glimpse of something more serious. Thus we read of "certain questions put to prove that Dr. Barowe, the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, had preached the doctrine that the promises of God extend to all, and that none are excluded from everlasting happiness, except for transgressions of *their own*." Dr. Barowe's defence, in a letter to Lord Burghley, which seems to have been favourably received, is, "that what he had preached in his sermon was consistent with the Articles of the Church, and was only put forth to expose the doctrines of election and predestination; and that his opponents endeavoured to inculcate that God had created a portion of mankind that He might obtain glory for Himself through their perdition." Fortunately for Dr. Barowe, Dr. Jelf was not alive in those days, to remind the dignitaries in Church and State of their duty.

When King James and Archbishop Laud entered on the

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field, matters were not likely to mend, and the imposition of a new test, by which subscription to certain obnoxious articles of the canons of the year 1603 was rendered imperative on all graduates, created no little turmoil in the University, more especially within the walls of that College of Puritan reputation—Emanuel. From this time the History of the University loses its special and narrow interest, and becomes identified with that of the country at large, passing with it through the stages of Presbyterianism and Independency into the "Uniformity" of the Restoration period; and these changes constitute the principal subject-matter of the second volume.

END OF TENTH VOLUME.



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